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Wed.

White-robed she comes, my love, my own,
Yet purer than the robe she wears;
White flowers she holds, the fairest known,
Yet sweeter than the flowers she bears:
So white, so sweet, yet I could seek
And find, beneath that white veil hid,
Love's hue upon that gentle cheek,
Love's light beneath that long-fringed lid.

Clash out, brave bells! Ring far and wide,
And laugh to piping birds to scorn.
Fair kinsmen, kiss the bonny bride,
She wanders far with me this morn;
And if her eyes are filled with tears,
I grudge them not their tender rain,
My love can chase the misty fears
And kiss the sunshine back again.

—*Hugh Conway.*

The Spider's Lesson.

A tyrant is my border dwells
In Austrian black and gold;
Wrought all in silver are his cells,
Fine-spun, a thousand fold.

His dwelling has no dingy roof,
Nor dismal underground;
The sunlight gilds it slender woof
On fragrant bushes bound.

And at his levee, every morn,
Such brilliants do appear
As ne'er in any court were worn
By Christian monarch dear.

No prison dungeon has this wretch
Where victims, out of sight,
His cruel jealousy may fetch
And keep in hopeless night.

Yet subtle stratagems he springs
On harmless passers-by,
Winds his soft silk about their wings,
And hang them up to die.

I came to sweep his work away
With swift, impatient hand;
But here the lesson of the day
He teaches as I stand.

The tyrant luxury doth so
Our winged souls entwine,
And binds us fettered in a show,
To mock the free sunshine.

The subtle veb afar I'll leave
Of flattering deceit;
The gorgeous spider shall not weave,
His fetters for my feet.

The eye that views the heavens in faith,
The hand with justice armed;
Can see the snare that binds to death,
And scatter it, unharmed.

—*Julia Ward Howe, in Scribner.*

DELICIA.

She was so exquisitely beautiful, it was actually provoking that there shouldn't be the least romance about her. Waves of pale golden hair rippled away from her pearly forehead, and mounted in a superb knot at the back of her head. Such a blue gleamed in her sweet eyes, such a lovely pink mantled her soft cheek, such a smile parted her ripe mouth, that, well-bred as you might be, you could not have refrained from staring at her; and then, thinking of strawberries and cream, have longed for a silver spoon with which to eat her.

But for all this there wasn't the least romance connected with her. Though three-and-twenty, Delicia had never had a lover. She lived in a quiet farm-house among the Swabrie mountains with her father and mother all the year round. She loved them dearly—was happy with them and her horse, Joan of Arc.

Joan was beautiful, high-spirited; and Delicia, who cared nothing for dancing or flirting and could neither sing nor play, was passionately fond of horseback-riding. There was a spirit of pride and daring in her which made her a superb rider, and caused the young men of the very bare neighborhood to call her haughty. The delight of her life were the pine-scented woods, the winter landscapes of ermine snow and glittering ice, the dreamy sweetness of the autumn orchards. At twenty-three Delicia had been content with an existence lived in comparative solitude.

Then came a terrible calamity. Her father was killed by a runaway horse, and her mother, frail and unable to endure the shock slowly but surely until, one mockingly bright, beautiful day, Delicia found herself entirely alone.

Outsiders then called her cold, for no one saw her weep. She only trembled so excessively beside the open graves that old Aunt Thankful, who had nursed her dead mother, was obliged to support her to keep her from falling. Otherwise she was composed, only her sweet eyes had a look in them pitiful to see.

A change had come over Delicia's serene life; the dear home-love was gone, and the girl's content had gone. With a native courage and reserve peculiar to her she made no complaint; she asked Aunt Thankful rather wistfully to stay and keep house for her, and then turned to her books and horse and maiden meditations. But Delicia's dreams were troubled now. Life's grief had touched her; she knew that sorrow was in the world; she feared the future.

The strange, sad summer passed. One fine November day, Bob, the hired man, led Joan of Arc prancing to the door, the side-saddle on her back.

"I have to go to the village, miss, to buy the new milch cow. I'll not be back till noon. You'll not mind letting Joan stand with the saddle on a little till I come?"

"No," said Delicia, absently.

Her beautiful oval cheek was white under her velvet cap. There was a sadness quite unmistakable in her eyes as she turned Joan's head toward the hill-road.

Yet who, to have seen her beautiful, spirited figure loping along the uplands, would have divined the rare heart of the heiress of Wheatlands? She did not, perhaps, understand herself, and did not know she had asked her own soul: "Am I to be all my life alone? Will no one great and good ever ask me to be his dearly-beloved wife? If not, I shall perish off the face of the earth."

You must have guessed rarely to have guessed how deeply ran the still waters of that idyllic life. You would not have guessed it from anything in her perfect proud face as she turned it toward a passing carriage. The occupants were a *blase*-looking man of thirty, perhaps, and a very young and pretty girl.

A single glance told the story—that the young girl was loving and unhappy; that the man, for some reason, found her desirable of possession.

He had hard black eyes that repelled Delicia, yet the sight of the two seated so closely gave her a vague, painful feeling of solitude and desolation which not long ago was utterly unknown to her.

The carriage glittered by, and Joan loped softly along the woody road, soundless with a thick carpet of pine needles.

She made a circuit, and came back to the main road.

Suddenly unusual sounds attracted her attention. A crash and violent screams reached her ear, and as she rode forward, a strange sight burst upon her view.

The carriage had gone over an embankment and was a perfect wreck; the horses lay prostrate—one of them killed, the other struggling desperately, but unable to rise; and prone beneath the broken vehicle was stretched the senseless body of the dark, handsome man.

Over him bent the girl, screaming no longer, but sobbing violently.

Delicia slipped from her horse, and was at her side some moments before she realized her presence.

"Wallace! Wallace! For heaven's sake, speak to me! You cannot—you cannot be dead? Oh, dear Wallace—see, it is little Alta! Only speak to me!"

Then, with a despairing cry, the young girl fell upon the pulseless breast.

Then, staring to her feet to look about for help apparently, she saw Delicia.

"Oh," she gasped, snatching at her arm, "Look at him! see, is he dead? The carriage fell upon him, while I—I am not hurt at all. Oh, heaven, what shall I do?"

The white, still face told Delicia that the man at her feet would never breathe again.

Hearing wheels, she sprang back into the road, and encountered old David Green and his son, the keepers of the village hotel.

Summoned to view the scene, they disentangled the senseless body, placed it in the carriage, and turned to Delicia for further directions.

"Get a doctor immediately that you reach the village, Mr. Green. I will take this young lady home with me, and bring her back to the hotel as soon as I can put Joan to the phaeton. Come with me, my poor child—I will take care of you," to the petite, white-faced girl; and throwing her riding-skirt more closely over her arm, she led Joan by a short-cut through the fields, back to Wheatlands.

By the way she tried to question her companion; but the girl, almost transported with grief, made such incoherent replies that she could only learn that she had been riding since the middle of the previous night, that they were on their way to Conway, that they intended to be married there

"Were you—were you," said Delicia, gently, in involuntary amaze, "running away from your friends?"

Alta nodded.

"From my brother, Guy Vannevar. He did not like Mr. Munroe. Yes, we were to be married against his will, and now—oh, Wallace, Wallace!"

Throwing Joan's bridle over the gate-post, Delicia led the trembling girl to the door. It was locked.

The key hung in the secret place known only to the family, for Aunt Thankful had at last executed a promise to visit a sick neighbor some quarter of a mile distant. Bob had not yet returned, for it wanted still an hour till noon.

To Delicia's consternation, the unhappy girl no sooner entered the warm parlor than she fainted.

With the strength of excitement, she lifted her in her arms and bore her into an inner room, where, placing her upon a bed, she unfastened her dress, bathed her temples and chafed her hands.

At length Alta Vennevar again drew her breath.

Passing through the hall to procure a restorative, Delicia saw a man just in the act of vaulting upon Joan. It was not Bob, though the saddle had been removed and lay upon the ground; it was a man in a ragged coat, evidently a tramp.

With a flash in her blue eyes, Delicia stepped back, and, snatching a silver-mounted pistol from a shelf, threw wide the hall-door and fired.

The bridle fell from the man's right hand, and Joan—three steps beyond the gate—stopped.

To Delicia's surprise, the man instantly dismounted, and, turning quickly toward her, lifted his hat.

"I am effectually stopped, young lady but, believe me, I did not intend to steal your horse, and certainly left an equivalent, though now in sorry condition."

Bewildered still more by the courteous words and cultured tone, Delicia turned in the direction the stranger pointed with his left hand, and saw within the yard a dusty buggy and panting horse.

"I am trying to overtake my young sister, who has eloped with a scoundrel," said the man, who was both young and handsome, "and my horse broke down hopelessly just before I reached your door. Otherwise, in less than an hour I should have probably overtaken my sister before she was married and her life ruined. So near the object of my long and desperate drive, I could not be balked of its object for want of a horse. I knocked three times at your door, intending to beg or hire yours, which I saw, fresh, standing at the gate, but for some reason I could summon no living being. Knowing that my horse was more than equal yours in value, though now almost killed by hard driving, I resolved to take him, and, after overtaking the man who is running away from me, to instantly restore your property to you; but—" with a little bitter laugh—"you have effectually prevented that. I think I am bleeding to death."

His voice closed faintly; the blood was spurting from his wrist. He sank upon the step at her feet.

Delicia's cheek grew white, for she knew the danger of that terrible bleeding. Unless it were stopped, the man would in a few moments be dead.

Springing to the side of the now unresponsive stranger, who seemed unable to utter another word, she snatched her handkerchief from her pocket, and tying it about the wounded arm, inserted a stick picked from the ground, thus making an effectual ligature, and, to the abatement of her terror, saw the frightful jets of blood subside.

The stranger's white face, the deluge of red blood, the sudden relief from spurring terror, turned Delicia faint. Then she struggled hard against a terrible reeling sensation, and held her own.

She thought wishfully of the glass of cordial upon the hall table, but her feet refused to stir.

Suddenly steps sounded at the gate. To her inexpressible joy and thankfulness, Aunt Thankful and Bob appeared.

Delicia explained to the former, briefly, though her voice sounded far away to herself.

"Wounded—hurt—bleeding awfully! Bob, ride for a doctor fast as you can go!" cried the old nurse, instantly in her element.

The wounded man was making visible efforts to keep from swooning, but when Aunt Thankful had administered a cordial and bathed his temples in cold water, he rose and walked weakly into the house, where, at her solicitations, he stretched himself upon a sofa, and then unexpectedly fainted.

"I don't in the least understand who this man is," remarked Aunt Thankful, steadily applying restoratives, "but such a ragged coat and fine shirt I never saw together before. Wanted to hire a horse, did he? What did you shoot him for? Of all strange actions ——"

The driving of the doctor's buggy into the yard stopped her remarks, when Delicia returned to Alta Vannevar to find her in a wandering delirium.

Three strange days were devoted to nursing the invalids. A burning fever made the young girl unconscious.

Aunt Thankful's charge was conscious, but very weak and silent. Indeed, he seemed to himself to be in a dream half full of delights, but pervaded by a great trouble which he could scarcely name.

The radiantly lovely face of Delicia, the rustle of her dress, the sound of her footsteps pervaded his consciousness like a blessing, while his desperate quest and misfortune were only half-realized by him in the bodily weakness and inaction of brain caused by excessive loss of blood.

"How long have I been here?"

Delicia sat by him, having taken Aunt Thankful's place for a few moments, and started from a momentary absence of thought to find Guy Vannevar's eyes fixed piercingly upon her.

"This is the fourth day. Are you better?"

"I am not sick, only in a sort of dream which I cannot wake myself from."

"You are very weak."

"It was you I saw when I came here, wasn't it?"

"It was I who shot you," replied Delicia, blushing.

"I—I remember. Oh, my sister Alta!"—trying to rise upon his elbow.

"Lie down, please. You must not exert yourself. I have something to tell you," said Delicia.

"I have been here four days, you say. Good God! what will become of her?"

"Drink this coffee and try to be quiet. Alta is safe."

"How can you know?"

"I have her in my care. Wallace Munroe is dead—accidently killed."

"And they were not married?"

"No."

"Thank God!"

And then he asked:

"Are you sure of this?"

"Entirely sure."

He could talk no longer, but was visibly better in a few hours.

The next day, pale, wasted, but strong, in a simple earnestness, he said, quietly, to Delicia:

"How wonderfully beautiful you are!"

Something in his eyes kindled hers, and for the first time in her life Delicia felt within her pure breast the warmth and sweetness of love.

Half alarmed by her emotions and the growing power of the beautiful eyes bent upon her, she rose from her place beside him.

"You can see Alta to-day, you know, if she is better. I will go and see."

Alta Vannevar was better in body, but suffering in mind.

She looked like a living wraith in one of Delicia's long white wrappers, and turned from her brother's kiss and sank down in Delicia's lap like a tired child.

"Oh, if I could die! I know you love me, Guy; but you did not love Wallace. And he is dead. Oh, Delicia, you understand—you are a woman. I loved him!"

Guy Vannevar looked down at the two figures, buried in the great easy-chair, the serene woman folding the suffering child to her bosom, and a look inexpressible filled his soft dark eyes. And Delicia, glancing up, saw it and knew it was for her.

I cannot tell you how in a few days these two grew together; but when Guy Vannevar had told her of his position as a gentleman and the son of a gentleman, and discarded his disguise, which had facilitated his pursuit of Wallace Monroe, the atmosphere of mystery and suspicion was entirely dispelled, and as weeks and months brought their developments and occurrences, Delicia realized that the prayer of her secret heart was granted—one great and good love for her, and had asked her to be his dearly beloved wife.

All had come to her—love, romance, marriage and happiness; but to-day scarcely less beautiful than of yore, she will tell you that few women add to their history the experience of having shot their husbands, which is hers.

Spanish Beauties.

To-day, writes a Madrid correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, I was asked by one of the dark-eyed, fascinating, graceful and stately dear ones of Madrid if I would ride out to see her friends, who were arranging costumes for the coming fetes, I readily assented. How far do you think was the ride or drive? Merely round the corner. This round the corner represents a distance equal to the nearest part of Baltimore street to Barnum's hotel. But to walk it with that flowery robe, graceful mantilla and tiny fan, and the deep and dark eyed beauty would be a painful piece of pedestrianism. What she lacks in walking she makes up in talking. Whew! Steam and electric conversation is nothing to a Madrid belle's tongue, on topics of costume, at least. The brilliant way in which she criticised Senor Americano and Senor Juan Ingles, as she styled her previous male guest, was, in the spasmodic language of Walt Whitman, "a caution to snakes."

"Does Senor Americano live on the Pilgrims' Rock when at home?"

I reply, in all simplicity, that I do not, and ask why she puts such a puritanical question.

"Oh, senor is so cold and rigid in saying but one yes and one no, when at least we want a dozen."

Has any one ever seen a Spanish belle sew? I never have; even so-so. Of the half-dozen beauties in this group not one of them could put a thread through the eye of a needle half as easy as the Biblical camel could proceed through it. Not one of them ever stitched in all their lives. Two only knew how crochet work was done, but never did it. I know a man in the legal profession not a hundred miles from Monument square that could beat them all at needle and thread and herring-boning and back-stitching, etc. Their entire lives have been spent in reading French novels, unraveling French *modish* riddles of dress—and she tells me she is not jesting, neither do they spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory is not—I trust never will be—equal to one or a dozen of them. What lilies of the valley! What daffy downdillies! Yet, not one would refuse to be a housewife! Young man, don't come here for a helpmate. You can do better at home. They can sing after a fashion; they can play the piano fairly well, and strum the guitar like angels, but to patch your pantaloons they would struggle and "die in the breach," absolutely defeated failures. They can paint in water colors all the "still-life" your imagination may desire, but to boil a dish of sweet potatoes would be a case of "hot water and no food," as was the event with Breitman's belle. A Madrid beauty is not a joy forever, and if she keeps on as she is she never will be.

The Hyde Estate.

The heirs of the Hyde estate met in Baltimore a short time ago and organized a union known as the "Hyde Association of the United States of America." The Rev. John P. Hyde, of Martinsburg, W. Va., occupied the chair. Mr. George A. Hyde, of New York, attorney for the heirs of Thomas Hyde, was elected secretary, and Thomas Hyde, of Washington, treasurer. The questions discussed were: "Do the estates exist?" "Are they attainable by the American heirs?" and "Is the nature of the claims such as to warrant legal steps being taken with a view to obtain the property?" A great deal of documentary evidence was read, dating back as far as 1730. From the proofs at hand it was decided to take steps to enforce the claim. A fund is to be created to pay expenses, and George A. Hyde, of New York, who has made himself familiar with the law on the subject and the facts will probably be appointed attorney, and will visit England to prosecute the suit.

The heirs claim that there will be from fifteen to twenty-six estates, variously estimated in value from $60,000,000 to $600,000,000. The Hydes of Maryland are the descendants of Thomas Hyde, who came to America from England and landed at Annapolis in the year 1752. The association resolved to make Baltimore its headquarters.

Do Animals Resist Temptation.

Temptation frequently begets in the dog, cat and other animals the same kind of mental or moral agitation, and the same sort of result, as in man. Sometimes we can see—in the dog, for instance—the whole play of the animal's mind—the battle between its virtuous and vicious propensities, its promptings to the right and its endeavors to stick by the right, its longing for the wrong—for the tidbit, which it knows would be improper to steal—and the final triumph either of virtue or temptation. The poor animal, knowing or feeling the weakness of the flesh, sometimes has the strength, the force of character, the good sense, to avoid temptation altogether. But dogs, like men, are not to have the most trying temptations thrust unexpectedly upon them, and then comes the tug of war of the appetities and passions—the moral turmoil that may make shipwreck of or that may strengthen virtue. Sometimes, then, by the dog, as by the man, temptation is successfully resisted after perhaps a series of protracted and painful moral struggles that have been very apparent to the onlooker. Unfortunately, however, equally in dog and man, the resistance of temptation is less common by far than non-resistance or non-success in resistance, the result of which is various forms or degrees of wrong doing.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

There are five daily papers published at or in the immediate vicinity of Deadwood, the Black Hills business center.

The Black Bean of Death.

The following story is told of the late George Jones, "the Count Joannes," whose eccentric ways and inordinate vanity made him the leading butt of ridicule in New York for many years: It seems that George Jones, the Count's father, was an English chemist, who about the year 1818 emigrated with his wife and two children, of whom George was the oldest, to this country. His brother was but four years old, he only six, and his sister a baby in her mother's arms. The vessel, an old sailing ship, fitted out after the ordinary method of emigrant vessels in those days, was a bad sea boat, and, meeting with terrible storms on the Atlantic, was driven far out of her course, and with difficulty kept above water. When at last the weather moderated it was found that the provisions, of which there had been an insufficient quantity at the start, were running short. Everybody was put on short allowance, but when at last the ship was on her direct course for Boston, whither she was bound, a further reduction had to be made. This was soon again reduced, and at last there was no food left on board, and starvation stared the crew and passengers in the face.

Driven desperate by hunger the crew mutinied, and the captain could only recall them to their duty by agreeing that beans should be drawn from a box, and the one upon whom the black bean fell should be killed for food for the others. Officers, crew and passengers, women and children, everybody on board was included in this horrible lottery, and with heavy hearts the famished emigrants came on deck to participate. The beans were wrapped in pieces of paper, and it was agreed that none of them should be opened until noon on the day of the drawing, so that if, during the two hours that intervened a ship or land were sighted, the doom of the drawer of the fatal black bean might be averted at the eleventh hour.

The captain was the first man to put his hand into the death box. He drew it out, and unable to master his anxiety to know his fate at once, he tore off the covering, and discovered a white bean. He was saved, and as the officers, one by one, drew the beans from the box they followed the captain's example, pulled off the papers, and showed white beans. The first man among the crew who drew was the cook, who came down from the masthead, secured a white bean, and resumed his lofty post. After the crew had all drawn, the black bean still remained in the box, and it seemed clear that the victim was to be found among the passengers! They drew by families, and comparatively few beans remained in the box when Mr. Jones with his wife and children advanced to take their chances. The father and mother drew white beans, and then the little boy, George, was led to the box. He scarcely comprehended the full nature of the terrible ordeal he was undergoing, but he plunged his little hand in and drew out a bean. His father hastily snatched it from him and was about to tear off the paper, when the shout of "Land ahead!" came from the masthead. Amid the tears, laughter and feeble cheers of all on board, Mr. Jones cast the bean into the sea, and the future Count never knew whether it was a white or a black one.

A Splendid Charity Festival Directed By Parisian Journalists.

The *fete* given on the night of December 17 for the benefit of the sufferers by the inundation in Spain is said to have been the most brilliant event of the sort since the great Exhibition. It is gratifying to record that the affair was got up and directed by Parisian journalists. It was given in the Hippodrome and was attended by a great number of celebrated persons. The ex-Queen of Spain, the chief members of the French government, and, according to one report, "all that is most notable in Paris, whether in poetry or statesmanship, in journalism or oratory, was represented in the assembly" which, moreover, was "a serried mass of the beauty, wealth, genius and valor of France." The flags of all nations were lit up by electric lights, the city of Murcia was represented in pasteboard with amazing accuracy, and all the principal actresses of Paris sold flowers and sweetmeats and gloves. There were fountains and grottoes and bazaars. Mlle. Sara Bernhardt wrote autographs, Mlle. Judic told fortunes, Mlle Theo cried violets, Mme. Carvalho sold music and Mme. Croisette sold the journal of the *fete*. The cover of this sheet was designed by Gustave Dore, and Grevin was the caricaturist; and the contents were from such pens as those of Dumas, Sandeau and Feuillet. The pictures inside were drawn by Meissonier, Detaille, Vibert and others, and the money article was written by M. de Rothschild. The advertisements netted six thousand dollars, and there was an *edition de luxe* of the journal printed on vellum. There were eight hundred musical performers, a procession of bi-flighted ass, a lottery, a concert of twenty piano-fortes in unison and another of thirty harps. The orchestra for dancing included two hundred instruments. All the chief artists of the Theater Francaise and of the opera assisted. The festivities were kept up until morning, and were perhaps of unprecedented splendor and variety.

It is pleasant to hear this for several excellent reasons. The substantial results that have been gained for the poor peasants of the Murican plain supply the first ground for felicitation. We are charmed, in the next place, that a celebration devised and carried out entirely by journalists should have done honor to the craft by its immense success; and, finally, it is refreshing and grateful, amid the continual jars and jealousies and ominous clanking of arms so constantly resounding from most of the great European nations to hear sounds of peace, and charity and good will, which testify that among some at least of the peoples there still exists a sympathetic recognition of the great bond of human brotherhood.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The Men Who Were Not Hanged.

The following story is told in Waite's "Life of Wellington:" "I got famously taken in on that occasion," said the duke. "The troops had taken to plundering a good deal. It was necessary to stop it, and I issued an order announcing that the first man taken in the act should be hanged upon the spot. The day just as we were sitting down to dinner three men were brought to the door of the tent by the *provost*. The case against them was clear, and I had nothing for it but to desire that they should be taken away and hanged in some place where they might be seen by the whole column in its march next day. I had a good many guests with me on that occasion, and among the rest, I think, Lord Nugent. They seemed dreadfully shocked, and could not eat their dinner. I didn't like it much myself, but, as I told them, I had no time to indulge my feelings; I must do my duty. Well, the dinner went off rather gravely; and next morning, sure enough, three men in uniform were seen hanging from the branches of a tree close to the high road. It was a terrible example, and produced the desired effect; there was no more plundering; when, some months afterward, I learned that one of my staff took counsel with Dr. Hume, and as three men had just died in the hospital they hung them up, and let the three culprits return to their regiments." "Weren't you very angry, duke?" "Well, I suppose I was at first, but as I had no wish to take the poor fellows' lives, and as the example had the desired effect my anger soon died out, and I confess to you that I am very glad now that the three lives were spared."

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD

Saving Fodder.

A large stock and a short supply of fodder have compelled us to study economy in feeding. Our system, as now fairly inaugurated, results in saving everything, that is, every sort of fodder is made and food is eaten up. The breeding sheep are fed straw in the morning, and a gill of buckwheat each, at noon they get another feeding of straw, and at night hay. In the morning the racks are cleared, and the pens raked out down to the solid manure, and the entire quantity taken to the stable and fed to the young cattle. They eat this readily, as they get no other, and do just as well as if fed fresh forage from the barn. Nothing is wasted by the sheep. The horses are made to eat the contents of their racks clean, and they do just as well and better than to have a lot of hay left in the racks after each feeding. By this manner of feeding they are not allowed to gorge themselves, which is a good foundation for heaves, and a common one, and their appetites are kept keen, which improves digestion. An empty manger is always a good appetizer, and when stuffed is a poor one. An animal can be fed too much as well as too little. The manure from the horse stable is kept separate from that of the cow stable, and carefully thrown into a pile by itself. When the cattle are turned into the yard in the middle of the day they eat all of the litter on this heap, so there is no waste from the horse stable. The cows are all fed in the stable, all they will eat up clean, so that there is but little refuse, and what there is, is used for bedding the horses. Every animal is fed in a stable, and never in the yard This is the daily round, and the way we make fodder go as far as possible.—*F. D. Curtis, in Land and Home.*

Household Hints.

Good mutton is bright red, with plenty of hard, white fat.

Never use skewers, as they cause the meat juices to escape.

Lamb of the best kind has delicate, rosy meat, and white, almost transparent fat.

All green vegetables should be very crisp, fresh and juicy, and are best just before flowering.

Veal and pork should be of a bright flesh-color, with an abundance of hard, white, semi-transparent fat.

Beef should be of a bright red color well streaked with yellowish fat, and surrounded with a thick outside layer of fat.

Fresh poultry may be known by its full, bright eyes, pliable feet and moist skin; the best is plump, fat and nearly white.

Roots and tubers must be plump, even-sized, with fresh, unshriveled skins, and are good from ripening time until they begin to sprout.

Never touch lettuce with a knife, as it impairs the flavor and destroys the crispness of the leaf; always tear it apart with the fingers.—*Miss Corson.*

Fish, when fresh, have firm flesh, bright, clear eyes, rigid fins and ruddy gills. Lobsters and crabs must be bright in color and lively in movement.

The feet and neck of a chicken suitable for broiling are large in proportion to its size; the tip of the breastbone is soft and easily bent between the fingers.

Winter Layers.

Winter layers are proverbially scarce, which fact is fully attested by the high price which eggs command readily during that time. There are some varieties which have long been lauded by interested parties as "winter layers," yet they would refuse to shell out the eggs if not attended to properly. We, of course, believe that there is much in good feed, for pure-bred specimens are the living result of years of labor, care and experience, and have resulted from a selection of the best, for special purposes, for years; but under ordinary management these self same birds will be found far less profitable than birds used to such treatment for years, for they have had the best of care and the reaction is too great. To secure winter layers, get a number of birds of a breed noted for being good layers; give them a warm, comfortable and roomy house; feed them liberally, principally on wheat and occasionally on corn—which should be warmed before being fed—and meat scraps; pay strict attention to cleanliness and to giving them fresh water—milk is better—regularly, and we do not think you will have any cause to complain of results.—*Poultry Monthly.*

Fattening Fowls.

To fatten fowls, put them in coops or in a small enclosure which can be covered and made dark. Have some peas or barley ground; or procure some oatmeal and mix the meal with mashed boiled potatoes, giving it warm, and as much as the fowls will eat, four times a day. When they are fed, use a clean trough and remove the fouled one. For drink, give them peas or barley gruel salted reasonably. The fowls will be as fat as they can be made in two weeks. Carrots are largely used in England, Germany and France, at fattening time, when they are boiled and mashed up with the meal and ground oats.

Edison Outdone.

"I am willin' to admit," said Grandfather Lickshingle, "that Mr. Edison has invented a wonderful invention."

Several members of the family arose and started toward the door.

"I was well aware," continued grandfather, without changing his tone, "that some persons resists any attempts at enlightenment on scientific topics, an' I theretore locked the door and put the key in my pocket. When I was a young man I was a great hand for experimentin' at one thing an' another, an' spent all my surplus wages in workin' on a new light. I didn't fool aroun' with electricity, but went right for the planets The sun, moon and stars, the real source of all light and heat, was what your grandfather tackled. I will give you the results themselves, an' then you will see that Mr. Edison is a tolerably small specimen."

"Your light wasn't superior to the electric light?"

"Wasn't eh? My light was as much ahead of Edison's as a house afire is ahead of a lightnin' bug. Young ladies could take my light and see their future husbands as plain as day."

"That was certainly very remarkable."

"Alongside of my light a streak of lightnin' had no more color to it than a rail fence, while a couple of small boys smokin' cigar stubs lit from my illuminator looked like a torchlight procession."

"It must have created a sensation in the scientific world?"

"Yes, an' in the literary world, too. It knocked light readin' forty ways for Sunday. By attachin' a ten-cent dufunny to your burner, it 'ud generate a power that could be applied in any direction under the shinin' sun. It 'ud run a washin'-machine, iron the clothes, answer the door-bell, carry in the coal, run errands—"

"Grandfather, ain't you mistaken?"

"—blacken your boots, cut your corns, drive home the cows an' haul a freight train."

"What has become of your wonderful light, grandfather?"

"Right there you will have to excuse me. Suffice it to say I have it stored away in a safe place, an' at the proper moment I will spring it upon the country again. I will give you a pointer in time to sell Edison stock short, an' if you don't retire worth more than the king of the Cannibal islands, don't blame it on your grandfather."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

TIMELY TOPICS.

The aggregate steam power in use in the world is at present 3,500,000 horse-power employed in stationary engines, and 10,000,000 horse-power in locomotive engines. The force is maintained without the consumption of animal food, except by miners, who dig the coals, and the force maintained in their muscles is to the force generated by the product of their labor about one to 1,080. This steam power is equal to the working force of 25,000,000 horses, and one horse consumes three times as much food as one man. The steam power, therefore, is equal to the saving of 75,000,000 human beings.

The taking of the next United States census will begin June 1, 1880. On that day about 20,000 enumerators will commence their labors—those in the cities being required to complete their work in two weeks, while others will be allowed the whole month of June. Persons alive on the first of June, but dying before the enumerator reaches them, will be counted in the census; births subsequent to the first of June will not be counted. Special agents will be employed to collect statistics relating to education, mining, manufacturing, agricultural and various other departments of trade and industry.

The islands at the western end of Lake Erie and the neighboring shores of Sandusky bay are largely devoted to the production of grapes and wine. The Sandusky *Register's* annual report, just published, for 1879, shows that there are in this district 4,000 acres planted with vines, the yield for the year being in round numbers 16,000,000 pounds of grapes. The wine houses report a production of 1,526,400 gallons. The *Register* estimates that not more than 1,000,000 gallons of pure juice has gone with the 1,500,000 gallons of wine. Some of the dealers, it says, make no secret of the fact that they use spirits, sugar and water largely, and claim that this doctored stuff is more acceptable to their customers than pure wine.

The taxing district of Memphis is cursed with a large number of decayed and broken wooden pavements. The *Avalanche* of that city, in speaking of the effect of these pavements on the health of residents, says: Until the era of wooden pavements Memphis was a healthy city. The enormous filth accumulation of years in the vaults has, however, become the greatest disease-breeding factor. While the vaults are going through the process of extinguishment, the wooden pavements, the next nuisance in rank, must not be forgotten. The wooden pavement is doomed to destruction. Another summer's sun will never shine down on that mass of death dealing rotten wood. Pavements must be no "ifs" or "buts." Better to be without any pavements than longer to tolerate it. It was a pardonable mistake to construct a wooden pavement in this southern climate, and now, like doctors' mistakes, it should be put out of sight as soon as possible.

The Danes are beginning to manifest uneasiness as to the fate which awaits their country. They anticipate being sliced up at no distant date for the immediate benefit of Prussia and Sweden. As Denmark can no longer defend the communications between Jutland and the islands by the superiority of her fleet, as was the case during the former wars with Germany, it has been decided on principle not to defend Jutland and the island of Fuhen, but to concentrate the whole defense of the country on the island of Sealand, where the greater part of the resources of the nation are centered. The population of Copenhagen are said to be profoundly impressed with the conviction that at the first given opportunity Prussia intends to occupy Denmark, keeping as a buffer state the peninsula of Jutland and the island of Fuhnen, while Sealand and the surrounding islands are to revert to Sweden. This would be tantamount to the final division of Denmark, begun in 1815 by uniting Norway to Sweden, and followed up in 1864 by the occupation of the duchies of Schleswig, Holstein and Lauenberg by Prussia.

Nerve.

About a year ago a prisoner was brought from one of the Territories in irons, and handed over to the Court of Correction, with the warning that he was a desperate character, and had boasted that he would "run" the institution. He had a malignant look and a surly answer for all questions, and when ordered down into the bath room he boldly declined to go.

"Step down!" repeated the deputy.

"I won't," replied the prisoner, backing off a little and glancing around for a weapon.

The deputy was the man for the occasion. Walking close up to the prisoner, he said, in a quiet but far reaching voice:

"Every prisoner under this roof must obey me or die. If you are not down stairs in thirty seconds I will shoot you through the head!"

No weapons were in sight. The men faced each other barehanded. The prisoner was a robber and a murderer. The deputy was an officer of nerve. For ten seconds they looked into each other's eyes and read each other's thoughts. Then the prisoner turned and went down stairs, and from that day to this has been as submissive and obedient as any man in the prison.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Aged 127 Years.

C. L Hunter, of Lincoln county, bein the *Observer* office yesterday, reg marked upon the recent article in this paper in reference to Che-Squish-Yah the Graham county Indian, 141 years of age, and said that he supposed the next oldest man in the State to be Crose Woodis, a mulatto of his county, whose age is given at and generally believed to be 127 years. Woodis is a native of Chatham county, and was born on the Haw. In early life he moved to Canada, where he lived for several years, and returning to North Carolina he settled in Cabarrus county, whence he moved, many years ago, to Lincoln. When capable of such active work he was a well digger and a blacksmith, and claims to have dug 199 wells in his life up to the breaking out of the late war. He still does a good deal of work, and retains with marked vigor many of his natural powers; frequently in picking cotton he stops to pick out the motes. This old man is put down in the census report of 1860 as 108 years old, and if this record is correct the figures upon his present age are. Dr. Hunter is of the opinion that his age is not overstated, a number of facts leading him to this conclusion.—*Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.*

Character in Voices.

The author of "Sporting Adventures in the Far West" says: I have noticed as a fact that struck me as being peculiar, that the bravest and largest wild animals always had deep voices, and that they were generally melodious, full of music as it were; while the small fry, which would run from a common cur, had high, sharp voices. I have hunted with some of the bravest men, the best scouts and the most famous hunters in the West, and I found that they also had heavy tones as a rule; and deduced from this that the highest order of animals, these that were brave and daring, were also deep in voice, and that their intonations never jarred on the ear. When I saw that the heroes in an opera were tenors, it struck me as an odd fact that thin-voiced animals were seldom so courageous in actual life as their deeper-toned congeners, and this has caused me to express it here, to see if it is any way founded on fact, or whether it is a mere artificial system of disp—

Struck by Lightning.

The New York *Herald* has been getting the opinions of various prominent persons as to the best means of inflicting capital punishment. Some one proposes electricity, and Dr. Hammond opposes that method on the ground that electricity is not always an effective death-dealing agent. In support of his assumption Dr. Hammond gives this instance of a man's being struck by lightning and recovering:

Dr. G. Wilks contributed this case to the Clinical Society of London. On June 8 last four men at work in Romney Marsh were compelled by the violence of the rain to seek shelter. Three of them retired into a lodge, the fourth (J. Orman) remaining under a willow tree by the window of the lodge. Almost instantaneously the building was enveloped in a blaze of lightning. The three occupants, having recovered from their terror, ran to seek their companion. They saw that the tree had been struck, that Orman's boots lay at the foot of the tree and his clothes scattered in a line for several yards along the field, while he himself was stretched upon his back six feet away, stark naked, calling to them for aid. The man himself said that he felt himself violently struck across the chest and shoulders, hurled through the air and dashed upon the ground, and was sure that he never lost consciousness. His clothes were blown off him except one sleeve of his flannel undervest; the leather straps which fastened his trousers were rent like tinder and his new strong boots torn like paper, while his watch and chain were partly fused. Upon admission to the Ashford Cottage hospital the man was found to be burnt all over, more or less. His eyebrows and whiskers were gone; the burns on the back and chest were superficial, those on the abdomen and pubes more deep; down each leg ran a broad three-inch ribbon-like scar, terminating at the left heel in a small roundish hole; at the right, in a large lacerated wound, through which the oscalcis might be felt fractured in several pieces. There was also a compound comminuted fracture of the right tibia and fibula, which bones were protruding through the skin in the course of the ribbon-like burn. The deepest burns were about where the buckles of the waist belt and garters and the watch must have been, but from the knee to the heel on the right leg the whole thickness of the skin in the ribbon-like track was destroyed by the burning. The man was dead, but singularly placid and cheerful, showing no signs of shock. He made an excellent recovery (though the bones about the fractures and the sloughy state of heel were complications of some moment), walking across the room ten weeks after the accident. He was now (October) earning his living, with a leg shortened from a half to three-quarter of an inch. The following facts were noted: First, the course of electrical action was from above downward; second, the clothes being very wet, their conductivity had been probably heightened; third, where the flannel was next the skin the burns were more superficial; fourth, where the cotton shirt and trousers touched him the burns were uniformly deeper; fifth, wherever there had been a piece of metal—e. g., waist belt, jacket buckles, watch, shoes—there had been an explosion, or at least a development of great heat; sixth the man was aware that he usually raised his right heel from the ground during micturition, which might have caused the fierce explosion on that side; seventh, the nervous system had an almost complete immunity from injury; this was attributed to the wet clothes being good conductors.

Humors of Plagiarism.

As a rule, says the Cincinnati *Commercial*, it is not safe to plagiarize; but to this rule, as to most others, there are exceptions. A minister of Western New York had been accused of preaching heresy, and was brought before the Presbytery to account for his offenses. He asked permission to deliver before the Presbytery a carefully-prepared discourse, in which he would set forth the doctrine he held. At its close the members were called upon to pass judgment upon it. Some denounced it, several said it cont

The Centre Reporter.

FRED. KURTZ..... .....EDITOR.

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CENTRE HALL, Pa., Jan. 15, 1880.

The Bellefonte *Republican*, very sensibly opposes Grant for a third term, and thinks Grant could not be elected for a third term. It says truly that he nearly wrecked the party and caused the loss of the two houses of congress.

In the greenback conference at Washington the other day, a request to have prayer raised a hubbub. Mr. Murch was escorted to the chair, and said that it was meet that the conference should be opened properly, and called on Rev. Dr. De La Matyr to offer prayer. [Hisses and cries of "we came here for business; every man to his own trade."]

A motion was made that prayer be dispensed with. Mr. Murch said he had called on Mr. De La Matyr at the suggestion of some of the delegates, and he would put the motion. It was lost, and Mr. De La Matyr offered a prayer for the blessing of God on the party.

When Yocum looses his seat he will be another greenbacker with litte faith in prayer.

There was quick work with a Philadelphia pickpocket the other day.

James O'Brien, alias Sullivan, who attacked Jacob Miller early in the morning, at Fourth and Cherry streets, and robbed him of $45, was convicted in Judge Elcock's court at noon same day, and the judge sentenced him to pay a fine of $1,000 and to undergo an imprisonment of nine years and ten months at separate and solitary confinement at labor in the eastern penitentiary.

The only speedier operation that we know of against a pick-pocket is, if he can be shot on the spot.

Gov. Hoyt appointed Stanley Woodward, democrat, an additional law judge for Luzerne county, to fill a vacancy. This has made the republicans of Kingston, Hoyt's home, mad, and the club trampled the governor's portrait in the mud.

The Grant boom is waning and leading republicans are organizing against a third term. In the South Grant met with slim receptions. It was relied upon that the negroes would flock out in clouds to welcome him; but it now turns out that two thirds of the black's do not know there is such a man as Grant.

The Mormons are becoming defiant, evidently having forgotten that Uncle Sam is so very able to spank every man and his wives in the territory.

A Salt Lake telegram of Jan. 5 to the Herald says:

The new Mormon Tabernacle, which has been three years in course of erection, was opened on Saturday by the Saints in a Conference which continued till yesterday afternoon, during which the supporting priesthood renewed their covenants to preserve the faith, instructions and fame of the Church. Before the close of the services Apostle President Taylor attacked the enemies of polygamy, severely censuring the nation for opposition to the choice institution of Mormonism, which, he maintained, was a divine institution, saying the Lord had told him so and made him become a polygamist. Now he wanted to see whether Heaven or Uncle Sam was going to prevail; for his part he was going to stick to the Lord. He insisted that polygamy was the true exercise of the Latter Day faith, and defied the United States to abolish it. He averred that no nation on earth could prevent it, nor all the nations combined. The tabernacle was crowded. He called for an expression from the audience, which embraced five thousand people at least, asking them to raise their right hands before God if they sympathized with him in his defiance of governmental interference. The enthusiasm was intense. All hands but one went up. Mothers even lifted aloft the hands of their children. Apostle Joseph T. Smith followed, speaking in the same strain and exhibiting the same defiant attitude. The whole affair now simmers down to the question: Shall President Hayes and Congress submit to this impudent bluff, or shall they advance with civilization and sweep off this foul blot of barbarism from the domain of the United States?

The same dispatch speaks of quarrels among them, and says: Delegate Cannon seems to have accomplished little with his associate apostles, for they are as defiant as ever. Before he left for Washington he said to a gentleman here that the was satisfied that either polygamy must go or that the Mormons had to go. The Delegate is in an awkward position and he realizes it. He has to speak sense among sensible men in Washington, while his apostle chief indulges here in rebellious rubbish. There has been current here for two weeks a report that the apostles were seriously divided on general church policy, and that Delegate Cannon was called from Washington to take part in an important deliberation. The chief apostle wants to step into Brigham Young's shoes, and be President, Prophet, Seer and Revelator of the whole Church. Apostle Smith claims that as the nephew of the founder of Mormonism he is entitled to the highest position. Apostle Orson Pratt claims that he is the oldest apostle, and that Taylor is only at the head because Brigham had a grudge against him, Pratt. They are in a nice muddle.

UTAH POLITICS.

The political caldron is also agitated over the meeting of Congress. It is understood here that Secretary Sherman advances Ewing for Governor, in place of Emery, with the view of working up delegates to the National Republican Convention. The soldier element favors a third term for the ex-President; but the active republicans under Tribune tuition are for Blaine.

Maine organized her legislature according to the count under republican law. It was a bitter pill, but the state stealing rads had to swallow it, their own medicine. But, it now turns out, as will be read from affidavits in another column, that amid all the howling of the radicals, they were at the same time engaged in the work of bribery and corruption. Whew!

Little Eugene Hale was one of the republican chickens in Maine who assisted the others in coming home to roost. Little Eugene put his foot in it.

The Curtin-Yocum committee has got through and will report in a few days, and, as we are informed, in favor of Gov. Curtin's right to the seat.

POOR MAINE.

Poor Maine! has she a government or not?

To this muddle, fuss, chaos, mix and fix, she has been brought by the strict enforcement of republican law heretofore enforced against democrats who had to submit, but now since the law is put in force against them by the greenbackers and a few democrats, they are in agony.

Gen. Chamberlain, commander of the state militia, seems not to recognize Lamson, speaker of the senate, as the rightful governor, and has set himself up as a sort of military dictator and promises to see that peace is preserved.

Since the quorum last week, the republican members and a few bought off members, refuse to attend and the fusion legislature is thus left without a quorum.

The counting out law in Maine is wrong—was wrong all along—and now since the republicans have been made to feel how it is, and the eyes of the people of the country opened to the effect of it, we trust the Maine muddle will have the good effect to bring about the repeal of such laws, in whatever state they may have been enacted for partizan advantage.

MR. TILDEN ON THE THIRD TERM.

Mr. Tilden does not hesitate always, says the Sun. He has very positive convictions about the danger of a Third Term. He spoke like a patriot when he said:

"It is the duty of every sincere lover of republican institutions to do his utmost to prevent the re-election of Gen. Grant.

"For my part," he continued, "I will do everything I can to secure the election of the man who may be agreed upon by the opponents of the Third Term conspiracy as the best candidate to unite the conservative elements of all parties. If a third term can be conferred upon Grant, a fourth and fifth will be. In short, Grant's installment in the White House in 1881 means the Empire."

THE BRIBERY IN MAINE.

The attempt of Maine republicans to bribe legislators, is another proof that all their claims for honesty are empty. The Pittsburg *Post* says: With the exception of the celebrated case of bribery in the Kansas Legislature, by Subsidy Pomeroy, in which $4,000 were deposited on the Speaker's desk by the legislative detective who exploded the mine, there has been no case of the kind in this country that has been so thoroughly and promptly exposed as the attempt of the Maine Republicans to bribe Representatives Harriman, Swan and Clark. The evidence is complete. It only remains to trace the responsibility from the agent who used the money, and place it upon the leaders of the Republican party who furnished the funds and devised the plan. Evidence already elicited, it is said, points to the fact that Blaine was a party to the corruption. Here will be another fine opportunity for the Mulligan tactics, as Blaine's audacity knows no bounds.

EDITOR OF REPORTER:—In the issue of your paper of last week you have an article on the decline of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry in Iowa. You are certainly in error. There are to-day eighteen hundred active subordinate Granges and 40 000 members in Iowa. Patrons are not debarred from acting with any party they may prefer, and the right of petition belongs to all American citizens, irrespective of sex, color or previous condition.

LEONARD RHONE.

(The article referred to was taken from the *World*, and given by us as other news items. We have no knowledge but newspaper report, and such as we get from western people upon the subjet.—ED.)

Gen. Chamberlain is an anti-Blain republican.

FOUND GUILTY.

Williamsport, January 11.—Yesterday morning the jury in the case against Peter Herdic and Horace E. Taylor brought in a verdict of guilty. The charge was conspiracy to defraud creditors in connection with the operations of the banking house of H. E. Taylor & Co., which suspended a couple of years ago. Motion was made for a new trial, bail given and the hearing on the motion put down for for March. Judge Mayer, of Clinton county, presided at the trial, which continued several days and has attracted a great deal of attention.

A YOUNG LADY CRAZED BY THE DEATH OF HER LOVER KILLS HER FATHER AND HERSELF.

Syracuse, N. Y., January 4.—The most terrible tragedy that has ever happened in this region occurred at the village of Lyons, the county seat of Wayne county, yesterday. The circumstances are these: Between twelve and one o'clock yesterday Miss Frances Hovey, a beautiful and amiable young lady, left her home, ostensibly to mail some letters. After having done that, instead of going home, she went immediately to her father's hat and cap store on Canal street. On entering the store she went to the rear of the store, where her father sat reading by the stove. Having gone behind him, she took a pistol from her pocket and immediately shot her father in the right side of the head, placing the barrel against his temple. After this she went up stairs to a back room over the store, where she, with the same pistol, sent a bullet whizzing through her own brain, the wound causing death. A few minutes after one o'clock one of her brothers returned from his dinner, and, going to the rear of the store, found his father sitting in his chair, with blood trickling down his face. Having examined the wound he immediately called a physician, who pronounced the wound to be one made with a bullet. A search of the premises was then made, and the poor girl found lying on the floor slowly dying Mr. Hovey was killed instantly. When the girl was found she had a small hand mirror in her hand, and with this glass it is supposed she saw how to take aim at her own head. The glass was brought from home by her.

Miss Hovey has been insane at times lately on account of the death of a fond lover, Eugene Raines, of Rochester, who died some time in September. They are said to have been engaged for over four years. His death was a terrible blow to her and shattered her intellect.

TWO YOUNG AMERICANS DEFEAT A BAND OF THIRTY ROBBERS.

City of Mexico, December 23.—Two young Americans, George Green of Texas, and Frank Senter of Boston, were in a gas, and Frank Senter when it was mail coach near Guarajanto, attacked by a band of thirty robbers with Winchester rifles. The young men fought the whole band, killed five and wounded several, compelling the others to retreat. Green was slightly wounded.

FIFTY TROOPS KILLED AT HERAT BY THE VILLAGERS.

Calcutta, January 5.—Much excitement is reported among the people in the neighborhood of Herat. The country people in that vicinity are besieged by the Cabules, who are committing many depredations and murdering all stragglers. They also killed fifty cavalrymen, who were surprised while on a foraging expedition. The Khobistan expedition has returned to Cabul after a fruitless mission. General Roberts is short of ammunition.

A LEGAL LEGISLATURE.

EXCITING SCENES AT THE CAPITAL OF MAINE.

The Republicans Withdraw from the Legislature and the Fusionists, Amid Much Excitement, Organize the Body and are Ready to Proceed with Business.

Boston, January 7.—A special dispatch from Augusta, Me., to the Journal says an immense crowd is in attendance at the state house, the rotunda, corridors, committee rooms and galleries being jammed. The members elect, with certificates and without, and the counted out members, with all contestants, are admitted to the floor of both chambers.

In the house, Assistant Clerk Gibbs proceeded to call the certified roll of members. Mr. Hale took the floor and claimed that certain elected members of the house from cities are not on the roll and moved that they be included. This led to a long speech from Mr. Hale and objections from the other side. Mr Hale was ruled out of order by the assistant clerk, who refused to put his motion, whereupon the republicans withdrew from further participation in the proceedings. A message was then sent to the governor and council, stating that a quorum of members of the house was present and ready to be qualified.

Great excitement prevailed during Mr. Hale's remarks and uproarious applause followed. After notification to the governor that a quorum was present the governor appeared and proceeded to qualify the members. He subsequently announced that 76 members, being a quorum, had taken and subscribed the necessary oaths, and were the regularly and duly constituted house of representatives. This announcement was received with wild applause from the outside.

Governor Garcelon said that he now put into their hands the opinion of the supreme court, as well as the petition of gentlemen from certain cities claiming seats, and invoked their careful consideration of the same. Three cheers were given for Gov. Garcelon, followed by prolonged hisses.

The quorum is made of 75 fusionists and one republican—Eugene Hale. The fusionists not participating are Sprarl, of Veasie; Voter, of Farmington, and Snow of Skowhegan. The senate organized by electing John D. Lamson, president; A. J. Andrews, secretary; Francis B. Green, assistant secretary, and the other fusion officers nominated in the caucus last night.

At 10 o'clock the senators elect were called to order by Samuel M. Lane, secretary of the last senate. After prayer the roll was called and all the members, without an exception, responded to their names. Mr. Docke at once gained the floor and read a protest from the republican members against the senate proceeding. The secretary refused to entertain the motion and a messenger was sent to the governor and council informing them that the members-elect of the senate were present for the purpose of being qualified. The governor and council appeared and the oaths were administered.

Mr. Lock then renewed his motion, but the secretary would not entertain it. The senate, then proceeded to the election of president o the senate, the republicans refusing to serve on committees or participate in the election of officers. The senate elected James D Sampson president, a protest being put in by the republican members that the election was not by the legally elected members of the senate.

REPUBLICAN METHODS.

The Attempt to Bribe the Fusion Representatives in Maine.

For several days before the meeting of the Maine legislature Mr. Blaine's press agents were telegraphing the news that this, that and the other fusion representatives refused to accept the certificate awarded him by Governor Garcelon. The following affidavits throw a flood of light on the reasons which induced some of those representatives to absent themselves from the meeting of the legislature:

I, Thomas B Swan, of Minot, hereby on oath make the following statement: On the evening of the 5th of January I was informed by a reliable person that he had been offered $1,000 by one of the agents of the republican party to resign his position as representative to the legislature of Maine and not act with the greenback-democratic party; I therefore consulted with the leading members of the greenback party, and informed them I would have it hinted to said agent that my resignation could be effected with money, and that if I was offered $1,000 I would take it and sign the papers that they should request, and then expose their plan to defeat the will of the people by bribery; the party that endeavored to bribe me the evening of the 5th informed said agent that I could be purchased, and half-past 10 o'clock a. m. on the 6th was appointed for me to be at the court house to sign the papers; I went there at the time appointed and met said agent, whose name I now suppress; a trade was made, and said agent paid $1,000 in cash; said agent informed me they have got three of our men to remain away from the house of representatives so that we could not have a quorum present, I was require to copy in my own hand papers which they had prepared before I came to said court house for my signature; I now have the $1,000 in my possession, and have shown it to several parties.

THOMAS B SWAN.

Augusta, January 6, 1880.—Kennebec, ss.—January 6, 1880.—Personally appeared Thomas B Swan, and made oath that the above affidavit by him subscribed is true, before me.

E. H. GOVE.

J. P and Q. for the State.

Augusta, January 6, 1880;—I. Thomas B. Swan, in presence of Hon Solon Chase and Hon. E. H. Gove, make the following statement: I have this day been approached by an agent of the republican party to resign as a representative, for money. I am going to take the money to-morrow, and thus show to the people the fraud and corruption of the republican party. I expect to have another party also take the money for the same purpose.

THOMAS B. SWAN.

This is a true copy of the paper I now hold and which copy was made and signed near midnight, January 5 and 6, by Thomas B Swan, in the presence of Hon. Solon Chase and myself.

(Witness) E. H. GOVE.

AFFIDAVIT OF MOSES HARRIMAN

I, Moses Harriman, Kennebunkport, on oath, depose and say that during the evening of January 5, 1880, I learned to my satisfaction that efforts were being made by republicans to bribe opposition members of the house to refuse to act, and thereby prevent a quorum on Wednesday, and therefore determined to test the question and get proof if possible to lay before the public and thwart the purpose of those who were resorting to such criminal means for the accomplishment of their end; I managed to get in communication with parties negotiating the purchase and entered into an agreement to meet a man, whose name I for the present suppress, at the court house in Augusta at half past one p. m. Tuesday, and did meet him there at the time and place appointed, and there received from him $1,000 in hand, in consideration of my copying in my own hand and signing certain papers presented, declaring that I should not accept a seat in the house, disapproving of the action of he governor and council, approving the opinion of the judges of the court, etc. I was also assured that after the republicans succeeded in getting full control of the House I should be seated and should be well provided for; he left the court house to go after the money; said he would be gone half an hour and would give a signal of three raps at the door; he returned in just about that time and gave the signal; I unlocked the door, let him in and he delivered the money; I have shown the money to several persons and now have it in my possession. I was told that the papers I signed would be published to-morrow morning.

MOSES HARRIMAN.

Augusta, January 6, 1880.

State of Maine, Kennebec, ss.—January 6, 1880.—Personally appeared before Moses Harriman, made oath to the truth of the above statement by him signed before me.

E. H. GOVE.

Justice of Peace for the State.

We certify that Moses Harriman of Kennebunkport, exhibited to us Tuesday, p. m., a package of money, and requested us to count it. We did so and made it $1,000, which he said he had received, as set forth in his affidavit.

E. H GOVE,
R. M. SPRINGER.

THE BLAINE MOB.

DISGRACEFUL SCENES.

THE HOUSE.

On the opening of the House the Speaker invoked good order, and intimated the scenes enacted yesterday by outsiders would not be repeated. He had scarcely finished speaking when the doors were opened and the windows thrown up, and the impatient crowd rushed in. After the people entered quiet was again restored, but at one time trouble seemed imminent. The records of yesterday were read and showed the fact that not more than seventy-two votes were thrown for any candidate voted for.

A PLUCKY CLERK.

The roll call having been finished Major Wm. Dicky of Fort Kent, the veteran of the House, made the usual formal motion to appoint a committee to wait on the Governor. In an instant Eugene Hale was on his feet, announcing that he rose to a question of the highest privilege, declaring the roll as read defective, and at the same time presenting a protest from Republicans "counted out." He was declared out of order and the trouble began. Hale continued to argue, but Clerk Gibbs would not listen. The crowd yelled, groaned and hissed in turn, completely drowning the voices of the Clerk and the diminutive Ex Congressman. Hale grew more and more indignant, but the Clerk kept straight on with his labors. "What kind of a body is this?" said Hale, amid cheers. "What sort of a mob does this clerk propose to organize?" He began, in spite of the blows of the gavel, to read from the Constitution, and completed his reading, though few could hear him. Mr. Dickey undertook to say some soothing words, but was squelched by the imperturbable Gibbs, who pounded him into his seat with great gusto. Hale denounced the roll amid cheers, followed by groans. Dickey expressed mildly the opinion that it was everybody's duty to vote, and Hale wanted some body to come and make him, if they could. The Republicans refused to answer. When the names of Swan, Snow, Sproul and Voter were called they were greeted with cheers and hisses. By this time every man was on his feet, and his feet, as a rule, were on his chair. The Clerk declared the motion carried. Hale demanded the reading of the roll. "Give us the figures," he cried; but the Clerk only answered him by announcing the committee, protesting that no quorum had voted. Hale asserted loudly the Clerk did not dare go on, but he went on. Hale was appointed on the committee to wait on the Governor, and declined to serve. Then he moved to adjourn, and as the Clerk would not put the motion he himself put it, amid the greatest excitement, and declared the House adjourned.

CLERGYMEN JOIN IN WITH THE RADICAL RIOTERS.

At noon Governor Garcelon appeared to administer the oath of office to members who had answered the roll-call. He was greeted with cheers and hisses, but yet with the greatest dignity, and ignoring entirely the demonstration about him, he took his chair. Never before did his firmness of character appear to better advantage. The crowd continued to yell and groan, but he seemed not to care in the least for the sea of scowling faces about him. Hale appeared in his seat with charming inconsistency to take the oath. He signed the roll with seventy-five Fusionists, thereby making an undisputed quorum. Then ensued the most disgraceful scenes. Members repeating the oath, chaos followed, after the Governor, the Republicans hissing at the same time with all their might. It is said there were several clergymen present who lent their lungs to assist in the chorus—a sad spectacle on the part of such men, considering the solemnity of the ceremony. After announcing that seventy-six members had signed the roll, Governor Garcelon stated that his official labors were ended, and submitted the application made to him from Republicans "counted out" in respectful words, as well as the opinion of the Supreme Court. He was given three cheers. While he stood at the desk the crowd continued to indulge in various expressions of rowdyism. A man with his hat on stood near a window, and yelled at the Governor continually.

NEVER SAW SUCH A SCENE.

A prominent politician from the eastern part of the State wanted to knock down a prominent Fusionist, but could not reach his man on account of the jam. Members of the press, who were correspondents at Washington for years, stated that they never before witnessed any such scene. The Governor on retiring was greeted with cheers, boots and hisses, but he maintained throughout the ordeal his usual cool bearing and even temperament. The scenes which followed are amply portrayed in the detailed report of the proceedings. The proceedings in the organization of the Senate were conducted without much trouble, through the determination of its Secretary, a Republican, who did his duty without regard to party, at the same time sitting down heavily on one man who attempted to introduce the same tactics followed by Hale in the Lower House. The result of the day's work is that the Fusionists have a majority in both branches. Garcelon is regarded as a lion by the Democrats and Fusionists and even many Republicans opposed to him expressed respect for the pluck he exhibited. He has received compliments from many leading Democrats out of the State for his action some of them going so far as to claim if he had been in Tilden's place in 1876, the Administration would not have been lost to the Democracy.

WHAT CABUL ENDURED.

A despatch to the Daily News, dated Cabul, December 26, says:—"The Mohammedans are abandoning Cabul, fearing that some retribution will be visited upon them, as they sympathized with the enemy. The Hindoos who remain in Cabul report that a reign of terror existed from the 15th of December until the city was abandoned by the rebels. Every shop and house was gutted, except those belonging to Mohammedans. Women were stripped publicly, and men were shot in the streets. The total loss of the enemy in and near Cabul is placed at 2,000.

FIRE AND EXPLOSION WITH FATAL RESULTS.

New York, January 5.—A fire broke out this morning in the basement of Turner Hall, East Fourth street, occupied by Wm Winkle as a ball room, and when the flames were extinguished, Wm. Greib, ten years old; Louis Schmid, thirty; Henry Gehweiler, twenty-five, and Teresa Erhardt, twenty-five, were found on the low floor dead. Winkle and his wife were badly burned and sent to the hospital. Annie Bauer received internal injuries by jumping from the fourth story window, and was badly burned about the face and hands. An unknown woman had both legs broken by jumping from the top floor. The damage to the building and stock is $12 000. Several persons sustained severe injuries by leaping from the highest stories of the building. One man, while crying frantically for aid to the firemen beneath, was all the while pushing a woman, who seemed to be resisting, from the fourth story window. She finally leaped; and struck the ground on her feet with a sickening crash, breaking both legs and arms, and almost crushing her to death. Of the twelve or fifteen persons sleeping in No. 64, four were burned to death and five injured. The little boy was burned to a crisp. The others were either dead when taken from the burning building or died shortly after.

ALFONSO'S ASSAILANT.

Gonzales, the would be assassin of Ling Altonso, who had been lying in wait about the door of the Royal Palace, fired from a corner of the sentry box. Gonzales did not make much resistance on being arrested, and the guards had to protect him from the violence of the crowd.

FROM KANSAS.

Enterprise, Dickinson Co., Kan., Dec. 28, 1879.—MR. EDITOR; Will you allow me space in the columns of your paper for a few words from Dickinson county, Ks.? When I left old Centre quite a number of my acquaintances asked me to write them about the country out here; but I find it impossible to write personally to every one that asked me; so I thought I would write a few words for the REPORTER, and all of its readers can see what I have to say for Kansas. I noticed in the REPORTER several letters written from Nebraska and this state; for Nebraska I can say nothing, but for Kansas I think the writers did not quite represent things as they might; I have read a number of letters written from this state, and according to my views and ideas of this as a farming country, for that is generally the subject, I think they hang too much to one side of the subject, all trying to represent the good side and saying nothing of its defects or drawbacks. I don't want your readers to understand me that I know or pretend to know all about it, for I only came into the state the 13th of June last, and can only speak for the time I have been here. I have been in this county most of the time since I came into the state, and have been told by men who have traveled over the whole state that this is one of the best counties in the state; but just let me say that Kansas has its disadvantages as wellas any other state or country; that the land is very good and the soil almost inexhaustable is very true, and eastern farmers do not have any idea how extensively farming is carried on here. I was often told how nice and easy work it was to farm out here, not having any rocks, stones or stumps to interfere with the machinery; but I tell you I will take a few stones and stumps in mine, in preference to sun flowers, Texas burs and sand burs which you will find over the whole country. I will tell you what I saw in one piece of land this summer that I took particular notice of, and you see it most everywhere: three weeks after the grain was cut sun flowers and weeds of every kind had grown to such a size that a team could hardly get through, and you readers who are farmers can imagine how plowing would go, and what satisfaction it would be to work in land like that, and then when you come to put in your grain with the drill you must have one man and and sometimes two. I saw them drilling in bottom land where two men could hardly keep the drill clear of weeds, and I can see no way that they can ever get rid of them except by a law prohibiting every land owner from letting them seed. Men coming to this country expecting to make farming their occupation, will see lots of hard times and plenty of hard work, and not like a great many think it is, all the work done and not eaten yet. But with all these drawbacks, I think Kansas a good country for a young man with moderate means to locate. Even with a thousand or six hundred dollars, or less than that, a man can with $300 come here and take a homestead, and by being industrious, persevering and willing to stand some hardships eventually work himself into a farm. But here is the great trouble with the most of men who come here to make farming their occupation, they must have all the latest improved machinery or else they think they cannot farm; and the next thing is a mortgage on the farm and that is the last of it. I am satisfied there is machinery enough used in this county to farm twice the amount of land, and I presume it is so all over the state. It is astonishing what a large emigration there is continually coming into this state and how fast it is becoming settled up; we would suppose that the land would all be taken up, but there is room for many more; not one-tenth of the land in the state is under cultivation. Now a few words in regard to the crops. Corn is the principal crop, we might say corn is King in Kansas so far as space is concerned; they plant it by the square miles, and from the enormous yield we have another proof that the soil is very rich. The most plow the land twice and sometimes once has to suffice, and when it is sod planted it is left untouched till it ripens, and yet it thrives in a way that will astonish any man. I have seen it where it has been well cultivated, grow to such a hight that the stalks resembled a young forest. Ten years ago Kansas was the twenty-fourth state in production of corn, and now is surpassed by only three of all the thirty-eight. Yet with all its abundance it offers but small profit, unless fed to live stock. Wheat culture is of leading importance; in the exclusive wheat districts there are no fences, and the fields are divided only by wagon trails, and embrace many hundreds and sometimes more than thousands of acres, whole townships at times look to be in single farms. Standing in June upon some elevated spot of the prairie, near Abilene for instance, you can view a zone of wheat five miles wide and thirty miles long lying on both sides of the Smokey Hill river, presenting one of the most beautiful sights the eye ever beheld, and one that is not easily forgotten. It seems past belief that less than twenty years ago this was all a desolate and unbleest extent of Buffalo grass, and set down by geographers as a desert. The harvesting of these extensive wheat fields is another picture of fascinating interest. The old cradling process is here superceded by an —— and you rarely see the original reaper, using only the self binder, the perfection of farm machinery, and the header which clips off only the tips of the stems, emptyng them into a large box on an attendant wagon. When harvesting in these large wheat fields they do not do like eastern farmers, the large fields are generally owned by some man in town, and the harvesting of the grain is let out to some man, who takes his tent, provision and all his camp equipage right with him to the field, having some man to do the cooking. I will tell you what I saw done in one field last harvest; there were four headers each cutting a swath twelve feet, and two self binders, which only cut half as wide; as fast as they cut the grain it was hauled right to a threshing machine running on the same ground; and right after the reaping machine came the plow boys and after these the harrows, getting the same ground ready for next year's crop. No doubt a great many of my readers would think it as much of a sight as I did myself to see from fourty to fifty head of horses in one field, all working in machinery of some kind, but that is the way they do business out here. In the last three years Kansas has progressed from the leighth rank to the foremost one as a wheat producing state. Her crop in 1878 exceeded thirty millions of bushels or about one-twelfth of all the wheat raised in the United States. And now a few words about stock raising; as regards pastural pursuits Kansas is almost without a rival, and there is no doubt that in a few years she will be entirely so. Her plains and plateaus are a boundless extent of pasturage covered with the most nutritious grasses to the extent of feeding millions of sheep, cattle and horses. The grasses of this country possess a peculiar tenacity to live, they survive through a succession of dry seasons and when looking apparently dead, a few showers of rain will restore them to life and freshness. I took particular notice that even one shower will make the greatest changes. When it dies off in the fall you would that it was good for nothing at all; but it must preserve some nutritious qualities, for all kinds of stock thrive upon it, and cattle become almost as fat as if stall fed. The school system of this state is much ahead of Pennsylvania Kansas can boast of having the best school buildings of any State in the Union; there are one hundred and six school districts in the county. Teachers' wages run frow $25 to $40. Principals of high schools are getting from $60 to $100. Abilene is the county seat, and has about 3000 inhabitants. I will just give you a a little idea of the business done in Abilene. The following I got from the accommodating postmaster, Mr. John Harbottle, the business transacted at the Abilene postoffice the first seven days of December: Letters mailed, 3612; Postal Cards, 1265; Newspapers mailed to subscribers, 2246; Transient, 403; Letters received for Abilene, 4160; Money Orders issued, 71; Am't received, $979 60; Money Orders payed, $1123.81. Yours Tuly,

J. W. K.

THE CANAL PROJECT.

De Lesseps Fears No Copetition Under General Grant.

I am informed to-day that M. de Lesseps has refused overtures for a fusion of his canal scheme with the canal through Nicaragua. He states that he has no fears of any competition to be inaugrated under General Grant. It is asserted to-day that M. Dircks will be ready to make his report on the validity of the surveys within the next twenty days. Immediately on the sending of that report it is expected that the formation of the Chagres Company—as the new canal company, I believe is to be called, in order, as M. de Lesseps says, to give it, like the canal of Suez, an historical name—will be formally announced.

M. de Lesseps has reason to expect support from England after the formation of the company, and he much deprecates the overcautious abstention, as he regards it, of the United States from the support of his enterprise, especially as he considers that the rights of the United States and of American citizens are fully protected by the treaty of 1846 with the Government of New Granada, now the United States of Colombia.

KILLED BY HIS OWN CONTRIVANCE.

Lancaster, Pa., January 11.—A few days ago George Barr, tinsmith, aged 65 years, living at Strausburg, in this county, met with a strange accident, which caused his death to-day. Barr was very eccentric, and was troubled by a gang of boys, who loitered around his house, and to get rid of them Barr took a hub of a carriage wheel plugged one end up and filled it with powder. He then laid a train of powder to the place where the boys usually come, and concealed himself. When the boys appeared he applied a match to the powder, which caused an explosion of the machine, but instead of the boys the old man was himself the victim. His legs and body were terribly mangled. He was carried to the county hospital where he died. Public sentiment is with the boys.

TWO BOYS OF SEVENTEEN TO BE HANGED.

Cincinnati, December 31.—A dispatch from Massillon, O., says that Judge Meyers has overruled the motions for a new trial, and sentenced Gustave Ohr and Geo. Mann to be hanged May 7. They are boys seventeen years old, and were convicted of the murder of John Wattmough, of Philadelphia, in August last at Alliance, O.

CUT THIS OUT AND SAVE IT.—A correspondent writes to an exchange as follows about the flower of a well known plant:

"I have discovered a remedy for consumption. It has cured a number of cases after they had commenced bleeding at the lungs and the hectic flush was already on the cheek. After trying this remedy to my own satisfaction, I have thought philanthropy required that I should let it be known to the world. It is common mullen steeped strongly and sweetened with coffee sugar, and freely drank. Young or old plants are good, dried in the shade and kept in clean bags. The medicine must be continued from three to six months, according to the nature of the disease. It is very good for the bowels also. Its strength ens and builds up the system instead of taking away the strength. It makes good blood and takes inflamation away from the lungs."

It is the wish of the writer that every periodical in the United States, Canada and Europe should publish this recipe for the benefit of the human family. Lay this up and keep it in the house ready for use.

THE WORLD FOR 1880.

Democrats every where should inform themselves carefully alike of the action of their party throughout the country and of the movements of their Republican opponents. A failure to do this in 1876 contributed greatly to the loss by the Democracy of the fruits of the victory fairly won at the polls.

The year 1880 promises to be one of the most interesting and important years of this crowded and eventful century. It will witness a Presidential election which may result in re-establishing the Government of this country on the principles of its constitutional founders, or in permanently changing the relations of the States to the Federal power. No intelligent man can regard such an election with indifference. The World, as the only daily English newspaper published in the city of New York which upholds the doctrines of constitutional Democracy, will steadily represent the Democratic party in this great canvass. It will do this in no spirit of servile partisanship, but temperately and fairly. As a newspaper The World, being the organ of no man, no clique and no interest, will present the fullest and the fairest picture it can make of each day's passing history in the city, the State, the country and the world. It will aim here after, as heretofore, at accuracy first of all things in all that it publishes. No man, however humble, shall ever be permitted truly to complain that he has been unjustly dealt with in the columns of The World. No interest, however powerful, shall ever be permitted truly to boast that it can silence the fair criticism of The World.

During the past year The World has seen its daily circulation trebled and its weekly circulation pushed far beyond that of any other weekly newspaper in the country. This great increase has been won, as The World believes, by truthfulness, enterprise, ceaseless activity in collecting news and unfaltering loyalty to itself and to its readers in dealing with the questions of the day. It is our hope and it will be our endeavor that The World's record for 1880 may be written in the approbation and the support of many thousands more of new readers in all parts of this Indissoluble Union of Indestructible States.

Our rates of subscription remain unchanged, and are as follows:

Daily and Sundays, one year, $10; six months, $5.50; three months, $2.75.

Daily, without Sundays, one year, $8; six months, $4.25; three months, $2.25; less than last three months, $1 a month.

The Sunday World, one year, $2.

The Monday World, containing the Book Reviews and "College Chronicle," one year, $1.50.

The Semi-Weekly World (Tuesdays and Fridays)—Two Dollars a year. To Club Agents—An extra copy for club of ten, the Daily for club of twenty-five.

The Weekly World (Wednesday)—One Dollar a year. To Club Agents—An extra copy for club of ten, the Semi-Weekly for club of twenty, the Daily for club of fifty.

Specimen number sent free on application.

Terms—Cash, invariably in advance.

Send post-office money order, bank draft or registered letter. Bills at risk of the sender.

A SPECIAL OFFER.

Subscribers who send $1 for a year's subscription before December 28 will receive The Weekly World from the date of their subscription

TO MARCH 5, 1881.

This will include the Presidential campaign and the inauguration of the next President.

Old subscribers who send $1 before December 28 for a new renewal of their subscription for 1880, will receive The Weekly World to March 5, 1881, without missing a number.

This Offer will be Withdrawn DECEMBER 29.

Take advantage of it at once. Subscribe at once. Renew at once. Address.

THE WORLD, 35 Park Row, New York. dec18 6t

GRAND AUCTION SALE

—OF—

FINE GOLD & SILVER WATCHES,

JEWELERY, SILVER WARE, CLOCKS,

AND FANCY GOODS

I WILL OFFER MY ENTIRE STOCK OF THE ABOVE FINE GOODS

AT AUCTION The Auction Sale will begin

MONDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 5, 1880,

AT 2:30, AND CONTINUE EVERY AFTERNOON AT THE SAME HOUR AND EVERY EVENING AT 7:30 UNTIL THE ENTIRE STOCK IS DISPOSED OF.

You are invited to attend these sales and procure these fine goods at YOUR OWN PRICES.

EVERYTHING GUARANTEED AS REPRESENTED OR MONEY REFUNDED. Everything MUST be sold.

Frank P. Blair,

8jan NO. 2 BROCKERHOFF HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, PA.

BUY NONE BUT THE WORLD RENOWNED

Light Running White Shuttle Sewing Machine.

SO SIMPLE A CHILD CAN USE IT.

Self setting Needle. Automatic Tension, requires no change to do any family sewing. Works all closed up and free from dust case hardened iron or steel. Bearings adjustable. Shuttle self threading and made of solid steel. Tension on Shuttle can be changed without removing from Machine. More room under arm than any other machine made. Stop motion by which bobbin can be wound without running machine. Double steel feed, or feed on both sides of needle. Table built of seven thicknesses of wood, laid across the grain to prevent splitting or warping. It is beautifully ornamented, accurately made; its mechanism is perfect, the easiest running, handsomest, best satisfying and most popular machine in the world.

A full set of attachments, and of the best, free with each machine.

The WHITE Machine is warranted for 5 years; a paper to that effect direct from the company's hands is given with each machine. Buy no WHITE without this paper. Why buy the old style machines that have been on the market for 20 years, and thus run the risk in getting a built over machine? Buy the WHITE and avoid all such risks. We are ready to place the WHITE in direct competition with any other family machine in the market.

Write for circulars, see and try this celebrated machine, before taking any other. One or two agents wanted for the central and western part of Centre Co., to whom the company's best discount will be given, the same I am getting. The county is too large for me alone. Orders by mail promptly filled.

H. J BOYER, Agt., AARONSBURG, CENTRE Co., PA.

C. C. SEEBOLD, Gen. Agt., for Union, Snyder, Mifflin, Juniatta, Perry, Dauphin and Cumberland counties. To whom all communications must be addressed for agencies in those Co's.

MACHINES REPAIRED.

N. B.—I have all the necessary tools for repairing any old machines. No difference how old, worn and dilapidated your machine is I can make it as good as new, and repaint and ornament it in a superior manner. Give me a trial. Bring your machines to my shop. No money asked until you are convinced that your machine works and looks like a new one. H. J BOYER.

Lawrence L. Brown.

Dealer in Coal and Grain, at Bellefonte,

IS SELLING ANTHRACITE COAL AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES:

BROKEN, per Ton,.....$4 75 | STOVE, per Ton,.....$4.90.
EGG, per Ton,.....$4,75. | SMALL STOVE, per Ton,.....$4.90.
CHESTNUT, per Ton,.....$4,65.

Also Pays Highest Cash Price for All Kinds of Grain and Seeds.

13nov 3m

HARDWARE,

Jas. Harris & Co.

ARE SELLING VERY LOW

REAPER SECTIONS and **REAPERS,**

And all kinds of Farming Tools,

RAKES, FORKS, SCYTHES, SPROUTS HAY FORKS, ROPE BLOCKS, ETC,

As well as all kinds of HARDWARE, to meet all demands in this line,

JAS. HARRIS & CO.
Bellefonte.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa, Th'rsd. Jan. 15, '80.

TERMS.—$2 per year, when paid in advance; $2.50 when not paid in advance. Advertisements 20cts per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.

Subscribers outside the county should remit us 10 cts, amount of one year's postage, instead of 20cts as formerly when paid by themselves.

Subscribers can always tell how their accounts stand at the Reporter office by consulting the lables on their papers. If the table reads "John Roe 1 jan '76" it means that John is indebted for subscription from the 1st of January, 1875, and that it is time he was paying the printer

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 289, I. O. of O. F.—meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
G. L. GOODHART, Sec'y. W. R. FROM, N. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 337, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening on or before each full moon in the Masonic Hall.
C. F. HEBERACHER, Sec't. J. J. ARNEY, W. M.

PHOENIX GRANGE, No. 98 P of H, meets at their Hall, Centre Hall on the Saturday on or before full moon, at 1 P. M. and every two weeks after. Jas. A. Keller Master. LEONARD RHONE, Sec't.

Centre County Democratic Committee—1880.

DISTRICTS.	NAMES.	P. O. ADDRESS.
Bellefonte,	N. W., Wm. Galbraith,	Bellft.
"	S. W., W. C. Heinle,	"
"	" W., Wm Harper,	"
Milesburg	Frank E Bible	Milesburg
Unionville	J. P. McDonnell	Unionville
Howard	A J Gardner	Howard
Philipsburg	C. G Herlinger	Philipsburg
Millheim	J. H Reifsnyder	Millheim
Benner	Uriah Stover	Bellefonte
Boggs	Jas A McClain	Milesburg
Burnside	Wm Hepple	Pine Glenn
College	Sam'l Gilliland	Boalsburg
Curtin	David Delong	Howard
Ferguson	Dan'l Driebelbis	Sta. C.
" N. P.	O M Sheets	Stormstown
Gregg	L. M. Rishel	Spring Mill
Haines	George Keister	Aaron-burg
Halfmoon	John Ward	Stormstown
Harris	Samuel Ishler	Bowls urg
Howard	David Tanyer	Howard
Huston	H. G. Chronister	Martha,
Liberty	W. H Gardner	Blanchard
Marion	John Hoy, Jr.,	Walker
Miles	Sam'l K. Faust	Millheim
Patton	G. W. Bumbarger	Pillmore
Penn	W F Smith	Millheim
Potter, N. P.	D. F. Luse	Centre Hall
" S. P.	G. W Spangler	Tusseyville
Rush	Wm. Cullen	Philipsburg
Snow Shoe	John G. Uzzle	Snow Shoe
Spring	E C. Wood	Bellefonte
Taylor	Sam'l Hoover	Fowler
Union	J. S Fredericks	Fleming
Walker	Samuel Decker	Zion
Worth	G. R. Williams	Port Matilda

J. L. SPANGLER, Chairman.
FRANK E BIBLE, Sec'y.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Rev. I. P. Neff has resigned his charge at Montoursville, to take effect in March.

—Two catamounts were shot by Ellis Horner, one day last week, on the mountain near Centre Hall. The largest one measured about four feet from tip to tip.

—All kinds of repairs on wagons, buggies, carriages, done on short notice at Lee's Centre Hall coach shops, where also the best new rigs in this county are turned out at low prices.

—J. S. M'Calmont, formerly a commissioner of this county, died at Tiffin, Ohio, about 3 weeks ago. We knew him well, he was a man of in every sense of the word, and a good citizen.

—On Monday night we had about five inches of snow, but as it fell upon a soft, muddy surface, it afforded no sleighing, but much slush.

—Capt. Dunlap and Esq. Orndorf, of Pine Grove, gave us a shake of the hands and a friendly smile the other day.

—Things are rushing enormously for the beginning of 1880, at the popular grocery of Sechler & Co. People are getting to understand which is headquarters for the best coffees sugars, teas, syrups, canned and dried fruits, fresh and cured meats, or any thing you need in the house hold.

—In the lower end of the valley diphtheria is raging, a nine year old daughter, Viola, of Mr. John Zeigler, and a four year old son, Philip, of Emanuel Musser, both from near Aaronsburg, are its first victims. Every precaution is now taken to prevent the terrible malady from spreading, and the hopeis entertained and the possibility assured that it can be done.

—Mr. John Moyer of Aaronsburg, lately had a stroke of palsey Reports now say he is recovering somewhat.

—The Patrons' Fire Ins. Comp. recently elected the following officers for 1880:

Israc S Frain, of Marion township, was elected President; Lafayette Neff, of Potter, Vice-President; George Taylor, of Boggs, Secretary, and J. H. Barnhart, of Spring, Treasurer.

GERMAN HORSE AND COW POWDER. It should be the aim of everyowner of horses & cows to make them as handsome and useful as possible The German Horse and Cow Powder makes fat, muscle and milk. Price, 15 cents per lb. Sold a J. D. Murray's dec 25 1m.

—Farmers store, Haines twp., is determined to be musical. They have organized a cornet band down there with seventeen members (Next) Mr. Wm Warnce is the leader. Mr Michael Fiedler with his characteristic generosity gave the project a boom with a handsome "L" Such men as "Miles" can start anything.

—Miss Jennie Fisher, of Dublin, Ind., formerly of Aaronsburg, is visting at her old home.

—We are informed of the death on Sabbath last, of Mrs. Harriet Ireon, who resided a few miles east of Aaronsburg She died from pure starvation in the midst of plenty. Several years ago she first experienced some little difficulty it swallowing, but did not feel any perceptable change until about three months ago when taking of any food was done only with great effort. Within the last few weeks, she could swallow nothing at all, not even milk. Her attending physician made a post mortem examination and proved his diagnosis to have been correct, structure of the esophagus of a cancerous natun.

—The demand for lumber is almost unprecedented. Everywhere throughout the mountains we hear the sound of the woodman's axe and the mill whistle of the "portable." Mr. John Musser of Aaronsburg sold a tract of land near Fowlers Station to a party who intend to commence working out the timber at once. Messrs Wm and Michael Bower have sold the stumpage of nine acres of timber land near Pine Creek, Haines twp., and the erection of the mill is almost completed. Mr. Wm. Condo from the same locality has the contract to run a mill in the mountains above Madisonburg.

—There was a large turn-out at the grange meeting, in the M. E. church, in this place, on Saturday, last. An address was delivered by Dr. Calder, followed by essays read by Mrs Kate Conly and Mr. Rhone. Vocal music by the Centre Hall glee-club.

—Mr. Jno. Swab, formerly of Harris twp., who has for some years been employed in the car-shops at Erie writes us: Business good; full force, working 10 hours; more orders on hand than has been for a number of years—consisting of engines, boilers and heavy saw toill machinery; the latter is the heaviest and considered the best in the county, any one wanting *first class* machinery should address, Stearns Mfg., Co, Erie Pa.

WM. BECK,—Piano Tuner, Bellefonte, Pa.

Phœnix Pectoral will cure your cough.
Phœnix Pectoral cures hoarseness quickly.
Phœnix Pectoral tastes good and brings rest
Phœnix Pectoral costs 25 cts; 6 bottles $1. sold by J. D Murray, Centre Hall.

—The Fleisher Gap locality has been erected into a new sub-district by the board of school directors of Potter.

—Read letting for a new school house.

—The following are the appointments made by the County Commissioners at the meeting of the Board on Monday of last week: Commissioners' Clerk, Henry Beck; Janitor of the Court House, Bartrim Galbraith; Physician to the Jail, Dr. James H. Dobbins; Attorney to the Commissioners, C. M. Bower, Esq. These gentlemen having all been re-elected at tests fidelity in the discharge of their duties.

Mr. Nelson Lucas was chosen Mercantile Appraiser, who is fully competent to discharge the duties of that office. Nelson is a working democrat.

About 8,000 young California salmon were placed in Buffalo Creek, Union county, and about 13,000 in Penn's Creek.

—The Star Literary Society of Spring Mills will have a public meeting on Thursday evening, Jan. 15. All are invited to attend.

For the Reporter.

MR. EDITOR:—Will your goodness allow me space in your paper to notice an "occasion" that is worthy a memorial?

On Saturday the 10th inst., Mr. Philip Gramly, living two miles east of Rebersburg, came into the said ancient borough and with the beaming face of a Pickwick invited ten of us young nobles and bloods out to his place "to dinner," as he modestly expressed it. In a big wagon we rolled along though the prettiest valley in Penns. Arrived, we contemplated for a while the surroundings of Mr. G.'s sylvan retreat, which even the cruel reign of winter had not been able to strip of its loveliness. In to the dining room we are shown, where a table groaning under the weight of four huge turkeys stuffed with oysters, and delicious side-dishes to match, burst upon our gaze, and soon it was surrounded by over a score of delighted guests. The honors were done by Rev. H. Stover and Mr. Gramly's patriarchal son Isaac. I suppose there is a general sameness in all feats, and yet this particular one seemed to us to bear the palm of superiority.

The occasion will long be remembered by the guests, who wish long life and prosperity to their large hearted host and hostess. C. O. M.

TRIAL LIST.

Trial list for January term, A. D., 1880, commencing the fourth Monday (26th day) of January:

First Week—Monday, Jan. 26.

J H Crissman vs S H Yocum
Jos H Williams vs Wm H Blair et al
Joseph Shirk vs J Miles Green
Fred Kurtz vs D A Musser
R H Haines vs Valentines & Co
Elias Miller vs John Spangler
Lydia Miller et al vs John Spangler
Jacob C Markle vs Geo K Baker
Centre Banking Co vs Wm Allison, Jr
Wm. Amlau vs H Brockerhoff's Adm's
Spring Township vs John Rockey

Second Week—Monday, Feb. 2.

Israel Bonney vs J H Reifsnyder et al
Adam Swartz, Sr vs Wm Wolf
Bird Coal & Iron Co vs B & S S R R
Robt Valentine et al vs Bird Coal & Iron Company.
D M Wagner & Son vs John Liggett
Bird Coal & Iron Co vs Vm M Holmes
R F. Clow, use of vs Derby Coal Co.
Bradley Childs, et al vs H Merryman
Wm McClellan, Jr vs L W Munson
John I Thompson vs Sam'l Christ
Thomas Merryman vs John T Fowler
J D Valentine et al vs J J Leech et al
Samuel Hale vs Jacob Mann
John T Hoover's Heirs vs Linn & McCoy
H Brockerhoff's Admrs vs Louis Hass
G W Hoover & Co vs Hoover & Parsons
J H Orndorf vs J P Zimmerman et al
William Witmer vs Wm H Blair
Hoffer & Kline vs R W Snook & Co
J R Lowry, Trustee vs James Cross et al
Same vs Same
H Brockerhoff's Admrs vs Martin Murphy's Admrs
Same vs Same
Same vs Same
W T Speer vs Hoy & Harris

Third Week—Monday, Feb. 9.

D K Tate vs Gustave Lyon
Jeremiah Tolan, et al vs Philip Teats
Same vs Moses Strauss & wife
C T Alexander, et al vs Jos R DeHass et al
J K Miller vs Anna Cottle
L C McClellan vs J H Holt
M D D-witt, use of vs Jos Tressler
Isaac Gurgenheimer vs John Hoy, et al
Jacob Roff, et al vs Wm Witmer
John D Lieb's Adm'r vs Curtin, Loeb & Co
Jos H Marsh, use of vs Wm Allison, Jr
Henry Moyer vs A Luck-nbach
Mary Snyder vs Ira E Snyder
M W Cowdrick vs Hughes & Tate
R H Wagner, use of vs A S Valentine
Thomas Homan vs John Spangler
Abraham Crane vs H M Meek
Jos D Gentzle's Admrs vs Daniel Gentzle, et al
David E Sparr's Exrs vs Simon P Rubble et al
Com. ex. rel vs A R Barlow et al
Adam Swartz vs H D Van Pelt et al
W O Mulholland vs R Mulholland
Dr L B Dubring vs J Harris Linn Exrs
Dr T B Hayes vs M M Alexander
D K Tate vs E Joseph & Bro
David Henny vs George Hoppes
Hoffer & Kline vs Overseers of Bellefonte
D G Bush, et al vs H Brockereoff's Admr
John Hoy vs Harper Bros
Same vs John Gingrich
Same vs Same

JANUARY COURT.

Grand-Jurors—4 Monday.

Union—Wm Spotts, E M Fisher, R S Iddings
Spring—Al Miller, W H Noll, John Musser, sr.
Potter—J G Carson, J Armstrong.
Philipsburg—J B Potter, A Watson.
Burnside—W White.
Howard boro—B Holter, S F Kline,
Penn—D C Gentzel, Jacob Keene.
Miles—R D Bierly, W H Kramer.
Snowshoe—J S Sommerville.
Harris—C B Shafer.
Huston—S Williams.
Boggs—R Bierly.
Haines—H W Stover.

Traverse—1st Week.

Ferguson—J F Krebs, Em Peters.
Potter—D M Henny; J T Lee. Jas Strohm, Wm Musser, Ad Krumrine, Davis Evans.
Miles—S M Winter, Jonath Spangler.
Taylor—G Copenhaver, S Pringle.
Spring—H Kline, H Eckenroth, Is Kaufman, J Eckenroth. Jno Garbrick.
Boggs—C Curtin, J Fetzer, D B Malone
Worth—Jas Ardry, sr. W B Gingry, D H Hoop.
Bellefonte—Jno Hoffer, Ed Tyson, W S Galbraith, T W Crider
Gregg—Sam'l Harter.
College—J C Houtz.
Snowshoe—T Bechdal, R J Haynes, J C Rankin, C Bonk.
Huston—B Thompson, A Sursher.
Curtin—J D Debass.
Unionville—S Brugger.
Philipsburg—H Simler, E A. Rymon.
Milesburg—R B Else.
Rush—P Helton.
Patton—R Edmonston.
Halfmoon—Wm Cole.
Benner—Hez Hoy.
Burnside—B Vidiffer.
Millheim—W Weiser.

2nd Week.

Potter—Wm Allision, Wm Ishler, W H. Gohsen, Jacob Meese.
College—S Gilliland, H Eters, J Ludwig.
Ferguson—T Bollinger, J E Mitchel.
Haines—J H Musser, Geo Kister, E Burd, F Limbert.
Taylor—S Hoover.
Boggs—J B Curtin, J Delong.
Huston—H Adams, J C Henderson.
Walker—L A Shaffer.
Bellefonte—F Montgomery, W Beck, H Benner, C T Garbrick.
Howard tp—J N Hall
Liberty—T S Linale, M Corman.
Snowshoe—C Reese.
Milesburg—Wm Baird.
Miles—J K Hosterman.
Spring—Jno Hoy. Wm Bing.
Worth—T Bennett.
Gregg—Fred Moyer.
Halfmoon—B Buck.
Marion—C R Yearick.

Cayphor Milkcures headache and neuralgia.
Cayphor Milk cures rheumatism and lame back.
Cayphor Milk cures cuts, bruises and burns.
Cayphor Milk costs 25 ct.; 5 bottles $1. Sold by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall.

SPORTSMEN.—I have an excellent stock of BREECH LOADING SHOTGUNS, also Muzle loaders, which were bought at very low prices. Sportsmen wishing to invest, had better do so now, as the tendency is upwards. All kinds of goods for sportsmen on hand, at the Gunstore of
THEO. DESCHNER,
23oct m Bellefonte, Pa.

The famine in the province of Sestan is very severe. The people are selling their children for food.

Forty tons of Tobacco were raised last year in the vicinity of Freeburg, realizing to its owners $10,000.

ANNUAL STATEMENT.—

Office of the F. M. F. Ins. Company of Centre County, Pa. Centre Hall, Jan 12, 1880. In compliance with the provisions of their charter the Twenty-second Annual Statement of the transactions of the Company is hereby presented.

ASSETS.

Bills receivable being premium notes due and payable by members for insurance the past year		$30,725 75
Paid on same		724.42
Leaving due on premium notes taken the past year		30,001.33
To which add Tax No. 10	$4017 24	
Less per cent for collection	200 86	3 816 38
Cash in treasury		258 45
Making the total available assets of the past year		34,076 16
EXPENSES.		
Compensation of directors	$175 03	
Committee of appraisments	6 65	
Salary of Sec'y	100 00	
" Treas'r	50.00	
Printing, office rent, postage & stationary	87 80	
Election board	5 00	
Mrs. Conley on furniture	66 66	
Wm. J Thompson on store and goods	2780 67	
D. K Geise damages on house	21 00	
Balance due Jac. Hazel (sum on note retained	48.72	
Charles Warner balance due on barn	12.00	$3,353.53
Total accruing assets and funds of the Company the past year after deducting expenses		$30,722.68
To which add notes of 1875. 6, 7 and 8		108,187 69
		138,910 32
Minus cash premiums, cancelations, carpenters risks and tax on notes, including tax on notes taken between Jan 13 and Apr. 21, 1879		$12,469.77
Total available assets of the Company this day		126,440 55
Risks and insurances taken the past year	$69,577.66	
Risks and insurances in force of 1875, 6, 7 and 8	1,222,914 52	
Making risks of Company this day		$1,592,492 18
Am't outstanding.		1,218 86
Of this am't there was paid into the treasury this day		285 33

At an election held the same day the following members were elected Directors for the ensuing year: John W. Krumrine, H C. Campbell, Henry Keller, Jos Baker, Fred Kurtz, John Rishel, Mat J B Fisher, S J Herring, H E Buck, J. H. Musser, Sam'l Gramly and H. G. Royer. Whereupon the new board organized and elected the following officers:

President—Henry Keller.
Vice President—S. J. Herring.
Secretary—D F. Luse.
Treasurer—Wm. Wolf.

D. F. LUSE, Sec'y. HENRY KELLER, Prest.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of sundry writs of Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, and to me directed there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in Bellefonte, on Saturday, January 24, A. D. 1880, at one o'clock P M, the following described Real Estate of the defendants to wit:

No. 1. All the right, title and interest of defendant in and to the following described Real Estate viz: All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situate in the township of Harris, Centre county, Penn'a, beginning at stones thence along land of heirs of Alexander Johnston dec'd, south 73° west 37 perches to chest nut oak, thence by land of Daniel Riley and others, south 28° east 87 perches to stone, thence by land of Moses Thompson north 73° east 23 perches to post, thence along land of Keller and Irvin, north 18½ west 85 5 10 perches to place of beginning containing 16 acres no building. Also

All that certain messuage, tenement or lot of land situate, lying and being in the township of Harris, Centre county, Penn'a bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post, thence south 59° west along land of J Jordon, 12 perches to post thence along lands of Johnston, south 31° east 108 feet, thence along lands of same, north 59° west 12 perches to a post thence along public road, north 31° west 108 feet to the place of beginning, containing 75 perches, thereon erected a two story frame house, stable and other out building. Also

All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in Harris twp. Centre county Penn's, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at stones, thence north 74° west 23 perches to red oak, thence north 71° east 33 perches to white oak, thence south 30° east 31 perches to red oak, thence south 7° west 24 perches to the place of beginning containing 4 acres more or less, together with the right of way to above described lot of ground, 16 feet wide, beginning at a post, near public road and running along line of adjoining tract of Conard Long. Subject to the maintenance of fence along line of said way by said defendant, no buildings Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Thomas M Allen.

No 2. All the right, title and interest of the defendant in and to all that certain lot of ground situate in Potter township, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded on the west by Jamison and M Decker, on the east by land of Wm. Young, on the north by Joseph Carson, and on the south by lands of Jamison and M Decker, containing 70 acres more or less, thereon erected a two story frame house, bank barn and other outbuildings Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of R W Jamison, deceased.

No. 3 All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in Snow Shoe City, Snow Shoe township, Centre county, Penn'a, Bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the north by Fifth street, on the east by Sycamore street, on the south by land of Mrs. Oswalh, and on the west by land of Snow Shoe land Association, containing ¼ of an acre more or less, thereon erected a two story frame church building. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property Methodist Episcopal church of Snow Shoe

No. 4. All that cer ain tract or piece of land situate in Madisonburg, Centre county, Penn'a, and marked in the general plan of said town as lot No 42, bounded on the east by High street, on the south by lot of Samuel Shaffer, on the west by an alley, and on the north by lot of John Limbert containing in breadth along said High street 66 feet, and in depth to said alley 181½ feet, it being the premises which Daniel Rishel and Sarah, his wife, by indenture bearing even date herewith granted and confirmed unto the said R G. Hockman, his heirs and assigns—there on erected a two-story frame house, stable and other out buildings Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of R. G. Hockman.

No. 5. All that certain coal land composed of two tracts or parcels of land situate in Rush township, Centre county Penn'a, the whole bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a Hemlock corner of tracts surveyed in names of John Sibley and Edmd Fletcher, thence by Fletcher tract north 60° east 103 perches to the east bank of Moshannon creek, thence by same north 68° west 6 perches to a post on bank on said creek, thence by land late of Abm. Goss and K. Philips, North 51° east 46 perches to a post, thence south 39° west 124 perches to a post, thence north 8° east 16 perches, thence down the Moshannon creek corner of Stover's land, thence by same and tract in name of James Allison, south 39° east 461 perches to a post, thence by tract in name of Thomas Allison, south 51° west 244 perches to a post, thence by land of Dale, north 39° west 100 perches to a post, thence by same south 51° west 80 perches to a post, thence north 39° west 132 perches to the place of beginning, containing in the two parcels, five hundred and fifty-two acres and one hundred and sixteen perches more or less, being the same land which the Executors of Hardman Philips, dec'd by deed dated December 1, 1866 conveyed to John P. Packer, and which afterward became vested in the said William P. Orbison. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Wm. P. Orbison.

No 6 The following described Real Estate of defendant, to wit: Bounded on the east by A. J. Garbrick, on the west by Struble and Dr Fisher, on the north by public road and on the south by Struble, containing 121 perches; thereon erected a two story frame house, stable and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of J M. Alters.

No. 7 All the right, title and interest of defendant in and to the following Real Estate, viz: The whole of lot No. 4 and the northern twenty feet of lot No 6 adjoining said lot No. 4 on the general plot or plan of the village of Moshannon, Snow Shoe township, the entire tract fronting 80 feet on Chestnut street and extending back 180 feet to Jane's alley; thereon erected a two story frame house, stable and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of John Steifel

No. 8 All that certain tract of land situate in Boggs township Centre Co. Pa., bounded by lands of McKinneys' heirs on the west, McCoy, Linn & Co on the north, John Harper on the east and Patrick Flinn on the south, containing about seventy six acres. It being the same premises which William Curtin in his lifetime sold by article of agreement to the said John Watson, which articles were duly proven in the Orphans' Court of Centre county, and the land therein mentioned decreed to the said John Watson on the 27th day of November 1876 as by reference will more fully appear; thereon erected a log house, stable and other out building. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of John Watson.

No. 9 All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in Bellefonte borough, Centre co., Penn'a, bounded and described as follows: On the north by lot of John Delaney, on the east and south east by an alley or street, and on the west by public road leading from Bellefonte to Roopsburg, containing about ½ of an acre more or less; thereon erected a two story frame house, stable and other outbuildings Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Samuel F. Foster

No. 10 All the right, title and interest and estate of defendant in and to all that messuage and lot of ground in the borough of Bellefonte, Centre co., Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit: Situate on the bank of Spring Creek near the Willow Bank dam, bounded on the south by the road leading from Bellefonte to Reynold's mill to Roopsburg, on the west by the mill dam, on the north by said dam and Spring Creek, and extending back ten feet from the Bellefonte Press Company building, together with the usual right to draw from the said dam through a forebay or channel sufficient water to give by the aid of a turbine wheel power equal to two-horse power for driving machinery used in said building. Being the same estate which D. G. Bush granted and conveyed to W. F. Wylie by deed dated the first day of October, 1872 for the period of ninety-nine years, and which said W. F Wylie by assignment bearing even date herewith and intended to be forthwith recorded, conveyed to the said Alfred Nicholls; thereon erected a two story frame building. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Alfred Nicholls.

No 11 All that certain tract or piece of land situate in Potter township, Centre Co., Penn'a, bounded on the north by Tussey mountain, east by lands of John Allen, on the south by lands of S J. Bush, containing 97 acres more or less; thereon erected a 1½ story frame house, stable and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Andrew Jordan.

No. 12 All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in Benner township, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the north by public road, on the east by lands of Mr. Hornig, on the south by lands of Robt Kendall and on the west by public road containing about 2 acres more or less; thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Daniel Lawver and Sarah his wife and Calvin Lawver his minor son.

No 13 All that certain messuage or tract of land situate in the village of Stormstown, Centre county, Pa., bounded on the north by lands of W. L. Wilson south by public road, west by lot of J. H Griffin and on the east by lands of W. L Wilson, containing 1 of an acre more or less; thereon erected a two story frame house, stable and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Joseph Griffin.

No. 14 All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in the Borough of Howard, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded on the north by an alley, on the east by J. C Leathers, on the south by road leading to Jacksonville, on the west by Michael Holter, containing ¼ of an acre more or less; thereon erected a two story frame house, stable and other outbuildings Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of William N. Neff

No. 15 All the right, title and interest of defendant in all that certain messuage, tenement and lot of ground situate in the village of Tusseyville, in Potter township, Centre county Penn'a, bounded on the north by lands of Jacob S rohm, on the east and south by public road and on the west by lands of Mrs Catherine Leichty containing about one-half acre more or less; thereon erected a one and a half story log house, blacksmith shop stable and other out-buildings Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Henry Leichty.

Terms Cash.—No deeds will be acknowledged till the purchase money is paid in full.

JOHN SPANGLER,
SHERIFF

PRIVATE SALE.

VALUABLE FARM.

The undersigned offers at private sale the well known Durst Homestead, near Earlystown, containing

215 Acres,

of best farming land in the county. A portion consists of the CHOICE, HEAVY WHITE OAK TIMBER.

Theron erected a large, good two-story BRICK HOUSE, with slate roof, a large BANK BARN, and all necessary Outbuildings—all the buildings being new. A YOUNG ORCHARD just beginning to bear, and an abundance of water, by well, cistern, and pond on the premises.

The payments will be made easy to suit the purchaser This is known to be one of the choicest farms in Centre county, hence needs no further description.

GEORGE DURST,
dec11tf Centre Hall, Pa.

NEW YORK WEEKLY HERALD.
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

The circulation of this popular newspaper, has more than trebled during the past year. It contains all the leading news contained in the Daily Herald, and is arranged in hand departments. The

FOREIGN NEWS

embraces special dispatches from all quarters of the globe. Under the head of

AMERICAN NEWS

are given the Telegraphic Despatches of the week from all parts of the Union. This feature alone makes

THE WEEKLY HERALD

the most valuable chronicle in the world, as it is the cheapest. Every week is given a faithful report of

POLITICAL NEWS

embracing complete and comprehensive despatches from Washington, including full reports of the speeches of eminent politicians on the questions of the hour.

THE FARM DEPARTMENT

of the Weekly Herald gives the latest as well as the most practical suggestions and discoveries relating to the duties of the farmer, hints for raising Cattle, Poultry, Grains. Trees. Vegetables, &c. &c., with suggestions for keeping buildings and farming untensils in repair This is supplemented by a well-edited department, widely copied, under the head of

THE HOME

giving recipes for practical dishes, hints for making clothing and for keeping up with the latest fashions at the lowest price. Every item of cooking or economy suggested in this department is practically tested by experts before publication Letters from our Paris and London correspondents on the very latest fashions. The Home Department of the Weekly Herald will save the housewife more than one hundred times the price of the paper. The interests of

SKILLED LABOR

are looked after, and everything relating to mechanics and labor saving is carefully recorded. There is a page devoted to all the latest phases of the business markets. Crops, Merchandise, &c., &c. A valuable feature is found in the specially reported prices and conditions of

THE PRODUCE MARKET.

Sporting News at home and abroad, together with a Story every week, a Sermon by some eminent divine, Literary, Musical, Dramatic, Personal and Spa Notes. There is no paper in the world which contains so much news matter every week as the Weekly Herald, which is sent, postage free, One Dollar. You can subscribe at any time.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY HERALD is a weekly form, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

NEW YORK HERALD,
Broadway and Ann Street,
New York.

A serious outbreak has occurred in the prison at Turin. The military were compelled to fire on the prisoners, killing seven of them.

Enormous quantities of wreckage are careening along the Seine. Many swimming baths and and numbers of barges have been crushed to atoms. Much damage has been done in Paris by the overflowing of the Seine.

—A series of lawsuits about an iron bolt valued at ten cents, has already cost the litigants five hundred dollars, at Plain City, Ohio.

SCHOOL HOUSE LETTING.—

Proposals for the erection of a new school house at Fisisher's Gap, in Potter twp., will be received by the Secretary of the Board until Saturday, Jan'y 31, 1880 at 12 noon. For specifications call on the undersigned The Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

W. A. KERR,
Sec'y. Board

Spring Mills Market.

Wheat No1 $1 35
Wheat No 2 $1,30
Rye, 70c
Corn, ears, per bu. new, .40c
Corn old. 50c.
Oats, 35c.
Buckwheat, 50c.
Cloverseed, $4.00 to $5 00
Timothy seed, from $2.00 to $3.00
Flour, per bbl $6.00
Barley 40 to 60c.
Butter, 20c.
Tallow, 6c.
Lard, 6c.
Ham, 12c
Shoulders, 6c.
Eggs per doz., 18c.

Coal, Retail.	By Car, Gross.
Egg, $4 75	$4 75
Stove, $5 00	$5 00
Chestnut, $4 50	$4 60
Pea, $3 25	$3 15

MARRIED.

On 25th Dec., by Rev S E Fust, Mr. Jacob M Spaler and Miss Sarah A. Ertel, both o. Zion.

DIED.

On the 7th inst., in Millheim, Thomas E infant son of James C. and Sadie Smith, aged 1 year and 17 days.

Your little Tommy has gone home,
No more his face you'll see,
Till on the resurrection morn,
How happy, you will be.

His pleasant smiles have died away,
His spirit is gone above;
And there, through ever endless day,
He'll live with God in love.

Extreme the pain; he moved his hand,
And died without a fear;
God called him to that better land,
And wiped away the tear.

His earthly trials now, are o'er,
His glory is begun,
May you, on that sweet blissful shore,
Meet your dear little one.

Tis Jesus calls, O! then obey,
The summons comes to all;
Prepare to meet your God that day,
When death will on you call.

D. L. Z.

On 6th inst., of Diptheria, Philip Oscar Musser, aged 4 years, 3 months and 12 days

"Go to thy rest, and while thy absence we deplore,
Our thought our sorrow shall beguile,
That soon with a celestial smile,
We'll meet to part no more."

On Jan 7th, Catharine Viola, daughter of John Zeigler, of diptheria, aged 9 years, 5 months and 28 days.

"Gone from the loved on earth,
She's joined the loved on high;
When heavenly gates received her in,
Where she no more shall die."

E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron.

It has never been known to fail in the cure of weakness attended with symptoms, indisposition to exertion, loss of memory, difficulty of breathing, weak nerve, horror of disease, wraes, nervous trembling, dreadful horror of death, night sweats, cold neck, weakness, dizziness of vision, languor, universal lassitude of the muscular system, enfeebled appetite, with dyspeptic symptoms hot hands, flushing of the body, dryness of face, purifying the blood, pain in the back, heaviness of the eyelids, frequent black spots flying before the eyes, with sallow and loss of sight, want of attention, &c. Send only in 3 2c stamps or six bottles for $5.00. Get it of your druggist. If he has it not, send to proprietor E. F. Kunkel, 228 N. 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa., Advice free; send three cent stamp.

WORMS WORMS WORMS.

E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup never fails to destroy Pin, Seat, and Stomach Worms. Dr. Kunkel, the only successful physician who removes Tape Worm in two hours alive with head, and no fee until removed. Common sense teaches if Tape Worm be removed all other worms can be eas ily destroyed. Advice at office and store, free. The doctor can tell whether or not the patient has worms. Thousands are dying daily with worms, and do not know it. Fits, spasms, cramps, choking and suffocation, sallow complexion, pimples around the eyes, swelling and pain in the stomach, restless at night, grinding of the teeth, picking at the nose, sores, fever, itching at the seat, headache, foul breath, the patient grows pale and thin, itching and irritation in the anus—all these symptoms, and more, come from worms. E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup never fails to remove them. Price, $1 00 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.00. [For Tape Worm write and consult the Doctor.] For all others, buy of your druggist or the Worm Syrup, and if he has it not, send to Dr. E. F Kunkel, 228 North 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Advice by mail, free; send three cent stamp. 24jly

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.—

We the undersigned Ex-cutors of the Will and Testament of Jno Spangler dec'd, will offer at Public Sale on the premises,

On Friday, January 16, 1880,

A VALUABLE FARM, situated in Potter twp, Centre Co., Pa., 1 mile west of Potters Mills, known as the Farm of Jacob Spangler dec'd. Containing ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY ACRES, more or less. Bounded on the east by lands of Jno. M McCoy, south by lands of Thomas Silver dec'd, Josiah Neff and Sam'l Royer dec'd, west by lands of —— Robinson and Samuel Royer, north by lands of Sam'l Royer dec'd

Thereon erected A GOOD LARGE TWO STORY FRAME HOUSE, LARGE BANK BARN, good as new, and all necessary outbuildings, such as summer, wood and smoke houses, hog pen buggy shed All good as new.

Good fruit of all kinds, and a never failing stream of water running through the Farm, and never failing well of good water near the door. Also a cistern at the house.

The above farm is situated near to Post-Office Store and Mill, and only 7 miles from Railroad Station

There are about 110 Acres cleared and in a high state of cultivation, and under good fence. The balance well timbered with Oak, Sugar, Linn, Walnut and Pine timber.

TERMS OF SALE.—One third of the purchase money on confirmation of Sale balance in two equal annual payments, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises with interest. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock.

W. W. SPANGLER, } Executors.
JACOB WAGNER, JR }

GREAT

FALL

—OPENING—

AT

Wolf's Stand.

THE

DRY GOODS

DEPARTMENT

Exhibits an immense stock of

DOMESTICS, DRESS GOODS EMBROIDERIES, WHITE GOODS, NOTIONS, LADIES' READY-MADE SUITS, PARASOLS, UMBRELLAS, FANCY GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES, ETC., ETC.

THE

GROCERY

DEPARTMENT

Is filled with

Choicest Teas, Syrups, Dried Fruit, Canned Goods, Sugars, Coffees, Pure Spices, Salt, Pork Provisions, Wooden, Willow, Queens and Glassware, Fish, Salt and everything usually found in a first class Grocery.

ALSO

HARDWARE, CARPETS AND OILCLOTHS always on hand.

PRICES LOWER THAN EVER.

Dec 5 Bellefonte, Pa.

For the coming

Fall and Winter

TRADE

WE ARE FULLY PREPARED.

Now is the Time!

Select Your Goods

FROM

FRESH,

NEW STOCK.

GENTS' FRENCH CALF BOOTS AND GAITERS

MADE TO ORDER

A LARGE STOCK OF

Sole Leather,

Calf-Skins, Kips,

ETC., ETC.,

At Bottom Prices.

E. GRAHAM & SON.

—Persons wishing a good article of Brandy, Whiskey, Gin or Wine for medicinal purposes, can be accommodated at the Centre Hall Drug Store All of the very best flavoring extracts for family use, such as Lemon, Vanilla, Sarsa sarilla, Pine Apple, Rose, Bitter Almond, &c., are kept in stock and offered for sale. Persons wishing anything usually kept in a well regulated Drug store, will please call on me, and you will find my stock full and complete. Night and Sunday customers are always waited upon with pleasure 16oct3m J. D. MURRAY,

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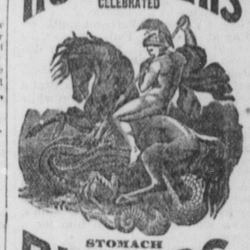
CELEBRATED



STOMACH

BITTERS

THE STOMACH I

How the Captain Won His Wager.

"I say, Captain Brown, tell us—is it true? They say you win every bet you make."

"Yes," colonel," said the captain, smiling, 'it is quite true."

"Nonsense!" chorused a dozen voices.

"It isn't nonsense," said the colonel; "for I am told on very good authority —namely, his old colonel, a dear friend of mine, that it is true. He told when it was first settled that Brown was to exchange; and now you hear, he attests it himself."

"Proof, proof!" cried the others.

"Ah!" said the colonel, "proof. Come, Brown, how is it you manage it! You won't mind telling, I suppose?"

"Oh, dear, no," said Brown, smiling, "I don't mind telling. You see I study the countenance of the man I bet with, and know beforehand how matters will be. I can read a man's face enough for the purpose of a wager."

"You can read mine, then?" asked the colonel, chuckling.

"Oh, yes," was the calm reply.

And the officers around the table grew interested.

"What can you read there, then?"

Captain Brown looked at him intently for a few moments, and then said:

"Well, for one thing, I can read that the old wound on your back has broken out afresh."

"Nonsense!" roared the colonel. "I never had a wound on my back."

The younger officers exchanged glances, and the colonel saw it, and it made him more angry.

"You do not like the subject touched," said Captain Brown, gravely. "Then we will pass it over. I beg your pardon for touching so tender a place."

"But, confound it all, sir!" roared the colonel, "I have no wound on my back to break out afresh."

The captain smiled.

"Come, then," said the colonel, fighting hard to keep down his anger, "you are a betting man; I'll bet you two tenpound notes to one that I have not got a wound, or even a scar of a wound—even a scratch—upon my back. Will you bet?"

"With pleasure, if it pleases you, colonel."

"It does please me, sir! I want this cleared up. A wound on my back! I never turned my back to the enemy in my life, sir! Now, sir, will you bet?"

"I will," said the captain, speaking reluctantly, as if he were forced into it; while the colonel was evidently growing purple from suppressed rage.

"Good, then," said the colonel; "twenty pounds to ten. The mess here are witnesses. Smith, lock the door."

A young cornet obeyed; and, heated by wine, the colonel, in his rage and desire to show his new captain to be what he mentally called a humbug, proceeded to divest himself of all his upper garments, revealing several bullet-scars and sword-cuts upon his chest and arms; but there was not the vestige of a scratch upon his back.

"Come, look all of you!" cried the colonel; "I'm not ashamed. You'll find no old wound upon my back."

One and all inspected the old gentleman, and declared there was not a scar.

"Now, Captain Brown," said the colonel, "perhaps you will come and look sir, and satisfy yourself?"

"I'll take the word of these gentlemen, colonel," said Brown. "I have lost. I was mistaken."

"Humph! I'm glad of that," said the colonel, snatching himself back into his clothes, and at last buttoning up his coat. "I'm afraid, sir, you could not read my countenance."

"No, sir, I confess I could not; I am beaten. There are your ten pounds."

The colonel chuckled and looked delighted as he pocketed the money; for this, and the feeling that he had been too much for the new captain, put him in the best of humor. So jolly was he that he patted Brown affectionately on the back when they parted.

"You couldn't read me, my lad, eh? No, no; rather too deep for you, eh? eh?"

"Much too deep, colonel. I was beaten," said Brown.

And from that day, for a whole fortnight, Brown's glory as a better was under eclipse. At the end of that fortnight there was a change,

The reason was this:

Colonel Rollin was so delighted at having, as he said, beaten the betting man, that he wrote to his friend, the colonel of the lancers regiment:

"DEAR WARREN—That was all gammon about Brown's luck at betting. He said he could read people's faces, and so won in that way. I bet him I'd bet the first night he was here he didn't bet that I had a reopened wound on my back. I bet him, of course—two to one—proved to him that I had not, and pocketed his ten pounds. It will be a lesson for him. He is a nice fellow, though, and we all like him very much.

"Yours, very truly, JOHN ROLLINS."

An answer came back in the course of a post or two:

"DEAR ROLLINS—Glad you like Brown. Hang him! we don't. He has bitten us too often, and has just bitten us again. Confound him! The night before he left us I was talking about what a sharp officer you were—quite a Tartar —and he laid a wager with me that I was taken, too, by half the officers in the mess, that he'd do as he liked with you; in fact, that the very first time you dined together he'd make you take off your shirt before the whole mess, and that you would write and tell me. You may keep Brown. We don't want him back. "Faithfully yours,

FRANK WARREN."

New Ways of Cutting Oranges and Apples.

To cut the orange, make two parallel cuts, through the skin only, leaving a continuous band about an inch wide round the body of the orange. Remove the rest of the peel. Cut through the band once, just over one of the natural divisions, and gently force the whole open, and out, leaving each section detached from the others, but still fast to the band of peel.

The apple is cut by setting the blade of a narrow, sharp-pointed knife in the oblique position of the intended cut, and pushing it, point first, directly to the core. When all the cuts are so made, the apple will come apart in a very pretty manner. Care must be taken not to let the knife slip through the apple into the hand.

Here is a good though not a new way to cut an apple so that it will look whole and unmarked while in the dish, but, when pared, will fall to pieces without being cut with a knife:

Take a fine needle and a thin, strong thread; insert the needle at the stem of the apple in such a way that the point will come out again away from the stem and a short distance from the first insertion; pull the needle and thread through very carefully, so as not to break the skin or enlarge the holes, leaving a few inches of thread hanging at the stem. Then put the needle back into the second hole, thrust it in the same direction as before, bringing out the point still farther from the stem, and again pull the thread through. Go on in this way straight around the apple, and when the thread comes out at the stem, pull it by both ends very carefully, until it has cut entirely through, and comes out of the apple. If pared now, the fruit would fall in halves; but, by working the thread round under the skin as before, at right angles to the first cut, and again pulling the thread quite through at the stem, the apple will fall into quarters.

After a little practice, the cutting can be done so skillfully that only a very keen eye will be able to find out how it was accomplished.—*St. Nicholas.*

Age of Clocks.

The water-clock was introduced at Rome about 152 B. C., and toothed wheels were applied to them about 140 B. C. Pacificus, archdeacon of Genoa, invented a clock in the ninth century, and clocks moved by wheels and weights began to be introduced into monasteries of Europe about the eleventh century. It does not appear that Europe is entitled to the honor of the invention, but that it is rather to be ascribed to the Saracens. Watches were used in the reign of Henry VIII. of England. Dante was the first author who mentions a clock that struck the hour; he was born in 1265 and died in 1321—so that striking clocks could not have been very uncommon in Italy at the latter end of the thirteenth century or the beginning of the fourteenth. But the use of clocks was not confined to Italy at this period, for there was an artist in England about the same time who furnished the famous clock-house near Westminster Hall with a clock to be heard by the courts of law, out of a fine imposed on the chief justice of the king's bench in 1288.

A Queer Parisian Industry.

I was sitting some time since in a notary's office, when a man of most sordid appearance entered. He surprised me very much, for it is rare to see a tatterdemalion in Paris. Polonius knew the city thoroughly when he cautioned Laertes: "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy." Here everybody puts his best foot foremost. The new comer, however, was in rags, and his matted hair and unshaven face added to his repulsive appearance. I was still more surprised by the deference paid him. (Magic power of gold which gives even beauty to the beast!) He drew from the recess of his rags, rather from wells than pockets, so deep and capacious were they, so many packets of banknotes, and so many rolls of gold coin, that my surprise grew greater and greater. I began to think of Signor Blitz, the Fakir of Ava, the Wizard of the North. I rubbed my eyes and was all attention, that I might lose no particular of the transformation scene, which I was sure was at hand. But I was disappointed.

"I have always made it a rule," he snarled, "to have a fifty-thousand-dollar house for myself, and to give as good a house to my children on their majority. My eldest son and my only daughter have each a house. The house I am now buying is for my youngest son who will be one-and-twenty the first of next month." As he spoke he marshaled coin and bank-notes for ready counting on the table, and growled as he laid them down: "See if there are not fifty thousand dollars here!" The deed of sale needed only signature. This formality ended, he withdrew, accompanied to the office door by the notary. On his return the latter asked:

"Can you divine that man's occupation?"

"An usurer?"

"No. He buys and sells philosophers. But may be you don't know what a 'philosopher' is?"

"An inquirer into the nature of the under—"

"No, no, no! I need not tell you there is no end to the avatars of every object in Paris. Here water becomes wine and wine is turned into water. The bread left on cafe and restaurant tables becomes toast for soup. Clothes go from the rich to the gentleman's back to the poor fine gentleman's back, thence to lower and still lower poverty, till they reach the shoddy mill, which transforms them into wool again. Shoes do not escape the common fate. They fall from rich to poor, then to poorer and to poorer still, until at last the soles are completely worn out and nothing but the uppers remain, battered, and worn for wear, but still no myth, as soles have long since become. These are 'philosophers.' They are used—the best of them—to make soles, sold for new by shop-keepers who would not last month were left behind in their native villages; the others, to make the 'new shoes' you see in cobblers' stalls. The former —the 'Platos'—sell for six or eight cents a pair. The latter—the 'Schopenhauers'—never bring more than four cents. The man who has just left us is the largest dealer in these articles in Paris. I am afraid to repeat the figure he gave me as the annual total amount of money he turns over in the way of trade. You would not credit it. I will, however, tell you that he is worth at least $600,000—perhaps $800,000. Of course all this money was not made by buying and selling 'philosophers,' no more than Rothschild has made all his money by banking. Nobody makes money in this world; wealth is money saved. As money flowed in (and it came in torrents), he spent as little and invested as much of it as he could. He had a keen eye for investments; he made money out of the Mexican loan, and a fortune in the Turkish funds; he has even had the art to squeeze money out of Spanish railway shares. When he dies he will be worth two millions of dollars!"—*V. D. Osborne, in Scribner.*

Running Amuck.

During a recent Mohammedan festival at Kandahar, capital of Southern Afghanistan, a number of mounted Ghazis, as they are named, ran amuck through the British camp. General Tyler and several British soldiers were wounded, and four of the Ghazis were killed. Running amuck is one of the terrors of the East, but it is far less common than it formerly was. Originally a Malay custom, it has extended to other countries in which the Mohammedan creed is prevalent. The word *amuck* is a corruption of *amoak*, Javanese, to kill, and signifies a furious and miscellaneous, indiscriminate killing. The natives of those Eastern lands become from long-continued excessive use of opium ferociously frantic, and their frenzy is often intensified by religious fanaticism. Then, absolutely mad, they rush into the streets—frequently nude—raising a howling and stabbing with a knife which they always carry, whomsoever they encounter. They are dreadful to see, and still more dreadful to meet. They look like animated, very animated corpses, their features being pinched and sharpened, their skin drawn like parchment, their eyes glittering with frantic insanity, and their energy bent on slaughter. As many as forty persons have been killed by them before they could be overcome. Their appearance is the signal for general alarm. Everybody seizes the first weapon he can reach, and sallies forth to hunt down and exterminate the common foe. Of course, there is no reasoning with them, no way of inflicting them. They must be killed for the general safety, and they are killed as soon as possible. Long spears used to be employed altogether as weapons against them—and they are still employed—being thrown at or thrust into them until they expire. Fire-arms are now the offensive weapons when these are safe; but, in the narrow, crowded streets of the East, this is not often the case. Nothing is so formidable as an amuck-runner, and it is not strange that he is mercilessly slain. The Malays, owing to their ferocity, treachery and daring, are the most dreaded of all, especially when armed with the dagger, or creese, their native weapon, with which they have a deadly skill, and which makes a terrible and very dangerous wound. A European or American who has seen an amuck is very apt to remember it.

Household Perils.

Under this head the Boston *Journal of Chemistry* names several dangerous substances which find their way into households. There are two or three volatile liquids used in families which are particularly dangerous, and must be employed, if at all, with great care. Benzine, ether, and strong ammonia constitute this class of agents. The two first named liquids are employed in cleansing gloves and other wearing apparel; and in removing oil stains from carpets, curtains, etc. The liquids are highly volatile, and flash into vapor so soon as the cork of the vial containing them is removed. Their vapors are very combustible, and will inflame at long distances from ignited candles or gas flames, and consequently they should never be used in the evening when the house is lighted. Explosions of a very dangerous nature will occur if the vapor of these liquids is permitted to escape into a room in considerable quantity. In view of the great hazard of handling these liquids, cautious housekeepers will not allow them to be brought into their dwellings, and this course is commendable.

As regards ammonia, or water of ammonia, it is a very powerful agent, especially the stronger kinds sold by druggists. An incident in its use has recently come under our notice, in which a young lady lost her life from taking a few drops through mistake. Breathing the gas under certain circumstances causes serious harm to the lungs and membranes of the mouth and nose. It is an agent much used at the present time for cleansing purposes, and it is unobjectionable if proper cares is used in its employment. The vials holding it should be kept apart from others containing medicines, etc., and rubber stoppers to the vials should be used.

Oxalic acid is considerably employed in families for cleaning brass and copper utensils. This substance is highly poisonous, and must be kept and used with great caution. In crystalline structure it closely resembles sulphate of magnesia or Epsom salts, and therefore frequent mistakes are made and lives lost. Every agent which goes into families among inexperienced persons should be kept in a safe place, and labeled properly and used with care.

The gentlemen who essayed to serenade Miss L. a few evenings since should have had "clear" throats, and their efforts would have been better appreciated. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best remedy extant for a "thick" or congested condition of the throat and bronchial tubes, giving instant relief.

HUNTING AND SKATING.

The Perils of Winter Sports Illustrated by One Week's Record of Accidents.

HUNTING.

Dominie Morris, of Paris, Ky., accidentally shot John Cox, while hunting.

While hunting coons, James Walden, of Elletsville, Ind., fell from a tree and was instantly killed.

The gun of B. F. Talmage, of Leslie, Mich., in bursting left him a corpse. His body was found a day later.

James Ellis was instantly killed at Mace's Bay, Wis., by the accidental discharge of his gun. He was lifting it over the fence by the muzzle.

George Vincent, a Vermont youth, residing at Enosburg Falls, has lost his eyesight and had his face terribly disfigured by the bursting of his gun.

James Meagg, aged nineteen, was mortally wounded by the accidental discharge of his companion's gun while hunting rabbits near Englishtown, N. J.

William Halsey, of Batavia, Ill., and Harrison F. Smith, of Westfield, Mass., were both killed while hunting, by the accidental discharge of their guns.

A rifle ball through the body ended George King's earthly career. He was shot by a boy of thirteen at St. John's, Mich., who had mistaken him for a turkey.

By the premature discharge of his gun Stephen Walker, of Foster, near Providence, carries a load of buck shot in his arm. He may loose his life, but certainly will the limb.

Jessie Bright, of Otterville, Iowa, undertook to help Sammy Wells get his gun across a creek. He took it by the muzzle, a twig caught the trigger, and Jessie's funeral took place the next Monday.

A money purse in the pocket of Charles Faran, of Ross Ranch, Cal., saved his life. He was shot while crossing a brush lot by some careless hunter, but his pocketbook took the full force of the ball.

While lying in the bottom of a boat, a Mr. Hummel, of La Porte City, Iowa, discharged his gun at a flock of ducks, and the recoil broke his collar bone. He says the ducking season is over—with him.

W. Gale, of Conway, Mich., has the use of only one side of his body. He carries in the other the contents of a shot pouch which has paralyzed it. While he was digging a ditch an excited hunter took him for game.

The Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia, with four German princes and their retinues, in a two days' hunt near Setzlingen, Germany, killed 609 head of big game, including eight stags, seventeen red deer, 430 fallow deer, and 149 wild boars.

After they had shot the deer, two Appleton (Wis.) hunters got so excited that, while one rushed up and held his horns, the other fired to finish the creature, but left the charge in his companion's lungs, and he is dead.

Wilson Benney, of Sterns county, Minn., will have no further use for his arm. The ball of David Crosby's rifle destroyed its efficiency forever. While hunting in the woods back of Fort Ripley, Penney was mistaken for a deer.

According to Captain G. E. Tyson, of Kennedy Lake, in Baffin land, just below the arctic circle, is the greatest game region in the world. There is a fabulous plentitude of the game found on the land, while the waters are crowded with fish.

Coleman Wood, a young man nineteen years of age, of Macon, Ga., was instantly killed by his friend, F. H. Alley, while carelessly handling a gun in preparing for a hunting excursion. He was shot in the abdomen. He lived only one hour, but exonerated his friend.

David Kistler, of Boscobel, lost his old mother in a cruel way. She stood arranging her toilet before a mirror, and Kistler came in from a hunting excursion and let his gun slip from his grasp. The contents went through the heels of his mother, and fatal lockjaw ensued.

A terrible fight with a bear occurred recently near Cass City, Mich. The bear was discovered by an Indian in a tree top, and came to grass from a rifle ball. The hunter waded up to cut the bear's throat, and a fearful struggle ensued. When found both were dead. The Indian had been literally hugged to death by the bear, but the latter showed thirty fearful wounds.

They don't bother with small game in Nevada. A well-known drover named Tom Short, while riding through the Ruby valley, saw his two dogs struggling with a large wildcat. While Short was watching for a good chance to kill without destroying his dogs, the animal made a bound for him, striking him in the breast, knocking his pistol from him and carrying him to the ground. Short made one thrust, however, with a huge knife he still retained, and, touching a vital spot, killed the beast. Short has no permanent injury, but is severely cut up. The wildcat was one of the largest, weighing 200 pounds.

SKATING.

Skating at Rockdale, Mass., was fatal to George Finnin, thirteen years old.

Mrs. Maddalo, of Perryville, Pa., was rescued after she had disappeared under the ice.

On a mill pond at Cayuga, Ont., three little children ventured on the ice, and were drowned.

Thomas Barry, aged ten, of Cambridge City, Ind., was drowned while taking his first lesson in skating.

George Sherwood, of Manchester, Mich., nine years old, went to the bottom twice, but lives to skate again.

Willie Ramsdall, aged eight, of Ware, Mass., lost his life while sliding on the river by slipping into an air hole.

While skating on the Salmon river, two miles from Fort Covington, an eight-year-old boy named Rouselle lost his life.

At Eldora, Iowa, Nov. 26, Charles Voiles, aged fourteen, and Horace Carpenter, aged fifteen skated into an air hole and were drowned.

A nine-year-old boy of Warwick N. Y., named Miller, while sliding on the creek broke through the ice. Another lad went to his rescue. Both were drowned.

Sunday sliding caused the death of three children at Cayuga, N. Y. Two of them, a boy and girl, belonged to William Leroy, and the other to Benjamin Foster.

The son of S. D. Richardson, of Syracuse, is in bed with a leg in splints. He was coasting near the university, was overtaken by a large sleigh at Chestnut street, and run over before the team could be stopped.

Thin ice let three interesting little girls of Millbury, Mass., who had ventured upon Howard's pond to skate, into the water, and all were drowned. Thy were Jane Smith, aged twelve years, and Josephine and Adeline Bieso, aged twelve and fifteen years.

A Portsmouth, N. H., young lady and gentleman who were skating broke through the ice, and several hundred persons went to their assistance. The ice gave way under the first party of rescuers, until nine were in danger of drowning at one time. By the aid of some railroad hands, however, all were rescued finally.

Adjutant Bolligan, of Cortland, N. Y., lost his life on the mill pond, and his death nearly drove his parents crazy

Four boys broke through the ice at once; three were rescued by a companion who pushed a sled to them, but young Colligans feet became entangled in the grass at the bottom, and he could not be drawn out.

While Henry Cordis, of Baraboo, Wis., was shoving a sled on which were seated three young ladies, the ice broke. He succeeded in saving his sister, who was one of the party, but perished in the attempt to rescue the others. He was nineteen years of age. When his body was found he had a young lady under each arm dead.

A reporter the other day saw four men on a street corner conversing earnestly and he stopped. One of the party was relating a frightful runaway accident and the reporter got out his note-book and took it all down. The horse took fright from a locomotive, ran away, threw out a woman and two children, killing all three, and dragged the other two miles, breaking every bone in his body, and crushing his skull to bits. The reporter got the name and then cheerfully asked: "Will you kindly tell me how did this occur?" "W-e-l-l," drawled the narrator, "I think 'twas in the spring of '54."—*Norristown Herald.*

NEWS SUMMARY.

Eastern and Middle States.

George Jones, universally known as "Count Joannes," a peculiar old man familiar to all New Yorkers, died in the metropolis a few days ago, aged sixty-nine years. He had been an actor in early life, but for the last twelve years had practiced law, without, however, obtaining any clients. Some months ago he gave a series of theatrical performances in New York, playing in Shakespearean parts to large audiences of men, who attended merely to amuse themselves at his expense by continuously applauding his acting, of which he was very proud. At most of the performances the noise made by the audiences was so great that the actors could not be heard, and occasionally the police had to interfere. The "Count Joannes" was continually writing letters to the New York papers—letters that were self-laudatory of the writer or descriptive of some incident in which he had cut a prominent figure. His title to nobility existed only in his imagination, and his eccentricities and inordinate vanity were doubtless the result of a diseased mind.

Many prominent citizens from all parts of New York were present at Governor Cornell's inauguration in the Capitol at Albany. Governor Robinson made a speech of welcome, to which Governor Cornell replied. The governors then marched arm in arm to the Governor's Room, where Mr. Cornell held a reception.

The estimated sum needed to carry on the New York city government during 1880 is $28,142,991.98.

The Grocers' bank, of New York city, has suspended and a receiver been appointed. Forgeries to a large amount in securities held by the bank have been discovered.

Charles Stewart Parnell, the great Irish agitator and leader of the Home Rulers in the British parliament, arrived in New York the other day in an ocean steamer. He was accompanied by John Dillon, another prominent agitator, and the two were received with an address of welcome, read by a representative of their fellow countrymen in New York. The visitors replied, and were then escorted to their hotel by the committee. Mr. Parnell stated to a reporter that he came to America in an official capacity as president of the Irish National Land League—best fitted for the purpose of assisting the distribution in Ireland on account of its thorough organization—and that he would visit all the principal cities of the United States, for the purpose of waking public opinion in this country, and creating a moral force here, in behalf of his efforts to reform the system under which the Irish tenantry hold their land—a system to which, Mr. Parnell claims, is due the wretched condition of Ireland to-day.

About 8,000 people were present at the first public meeting held in New York by Messrs. Parnell and Dillon, the Irish agitators. Mr. Parnell described the distress now prevalent in Ireland, declaring it to be the result in great part of the evils of the land system and the exaction of the landlords. He was followed by Mr. Dillon, who referred to the time of trouble through which Ireland passed in 1847, and arraigned the British government for allowing such a state of things as now exists to continue without endeavoring to ameliorate it.

Bishop Gilbert Haven, of the Methodist Episcopal church, died in Malden, Mass., a few days ago, aged fifty-nine years. He had been for some years editor of *Zion's Herald*, the leading Methodist organ of New England, and was one of the best known members of the church in the United States.

Western and Southern States.

United States Senator George S. Houston, of Alabama, died at his home in Athens, Ala., a few days ago, aged sixty-eight years. Senator Houston was a native of Tennessee. In early life he removed to Alabama, from which State he served as a Congressman, with a single break, from 1841 to 1861. He was governor of Alabama from 1874 to 1879. Last year he was appointed a United States Senator, to serve until 1885.

At Massilon, Ohio, two boys of seventeen have been sentenced to be hanged for murdering a man last August.

At New Haven, Ky., Albert Lucas, with three ladies, drove off the bridge across Brust creek. All the ladies were injured more or less, but Lucas' young daughter broke her back, and died in a few minutes. Another lady had her collar bone broken, and Lucas was crushed by the wagon bed falling on him.

Wells, Fargo & Co.'s annual circular giving the product of the precious metals west of the Missouri river, including British Columbia, and the receipts in San Francisco by express from the west coast of Mexico, during 1879, places the aggregate products at—Gold, $32,539,920; silver, $38,623,812; lead, $4,185,769

It has been discovered that about forty bodies have been stolen from Oakwood cemetery, in Richmond, Va., during the past few weeks, and it is supposed the corpses have been shipped to medical institutions in various parts of the country.

The Capital Savings bank at Sacramento, Cal., has closed its doors. It is said that the suspension will involve a loss of over $1,000,000.

From Washington.

The most expensive private residence in Washington, belonging to ex-Senator Stewart, of Nevada, and known as "Stewart's Castle," was nearly totally destroyed by fire a few nights ago. The original cost of the building and furniture was not far from $250,000. The house contained seventy rooms and was most elaborately furnished throughout.

Senator Cameron, chairman of the national Republican committee, has issued the following call: A national convention of the Republican party will meet at Chicago on Wednesday, the second day of June next, at twelve o'clock noon, for the nomination of candidates to be supported for President and Vice-President at the next election. Republicans, and all who will co-operate with them in supporting the nominees of the party, are invited to choose two delegates from each congressional district, four at large from each State, two from each territory, and two from the District of Columbia, to represent them in the convention.

The reception at the White House on New Years' day was largely attended by members of the diplomatic corps, army and navy officers and others. During the reception Colonel De Ahna, ex-collector of customs for Sitka, Alaska, approached the President and denounced him as a despot, saying: "For eighteen months you have denied me justice." While the colonel was talking the police pushed him into another room and the reception went on.

During December the various United States mints coined 590,860 gold pieces, worth $6,487,000; 2,384,200 silver pieces, worth $2,358,032.50, and 3,103,250 minor coins, worth $31,433.50. Total coinage—6,078,310 pieces, worth $8,876,466.

The public debt was decreased $4,251,217.96 during December. On January 1, 1880, there was cash in the Treasury, $207,383,903.92, and the national debt, less cash in the Treasury, was $2,011,798,504.87.

Foreign News.

As the lately married king and queen of Spain were driving through the gate of the royal palace in Madrid, a few evenings ago, a young man fired two shots from a revolver at the monach, but his aim was bad and nobody was hurt. The second shot fired passed quite close to the young queen's face. The would-be assassin was arrested at once. He gave his name as Gonzales, his age as nineteen and occupation that of a waiter. Three other persons were arrested, charged with being accomplices.

M. de Lesseps, projector of the Darien canal, has arrived in Panama. Upon his arrival the governor of the State of Panama proclaimed a three days' holiday, and there was a grand parade and a bull fight. M. de Lesseps says he will begin work on the canal in about six months, and that he is quite sure of the money necessary to complete the work.

Ten more Afghan prisoners have been sentenced to death by the British military commission at Cabul for participating in the massacre of the British embassy.

The rivers Rhine and Main have swollen greatly in consequence of ice blockading their currents, and a number of German towns have been partially inundated by the rising waters.

Five men were lost overboard from the British bark W. H. Jenkins, while on her last voyage from Philadelphia to Hamburg.

Quiet has been restored in Cabul since its reoccupation by the English forces.

Two young Americans—George Green, of Texas, and Frank Senter, of Boston—were in the mail coach recently near Guanajuato, Mexico, when it was attacked by a band of thirty bandits, and robbed of everything. The young men fought the whole band, killing five, wounding several and compelling the remainder to retreat. Mr. Green was slightly wounded.

A dispatch from Cabul, Afghanistan, says there is much excitement in the neighborhood, as the Cabulese are besieged by the country people, who are murdering all stragglers, and have also killed fifty cavalrymen who were out on a foraging expedition.

Don Nicolas Pierola has been proclaimed dictator of Peru, and the late President Prado has fled to Panama. The Peruvian army and navy have accepted Pierola's government.

Eleven persons have been drowned at Lobau, Austria, by the overflowing of the river Danube.

Immense damage has been done to property in the vicinity of Paris by the rise in the river Seine.

The Farmer as a Citizen.

Judge George, of Starkville, Miss., speaking of the farmer as a citizen, says: I think the influence of agriculturists ought to be increased in public affairs. I would not like to see a legislature composed exclusively of farmers and mechanics, nor would it be for the public good that there should be no representatives of these interests in that body. There should be in every legislature men skilled in the laws of the State; there ought also to be there an influential body of men connected with the leading industries of the State, familiar with the wants and wishes of the great mass of the people. If they should draft no laws, if they should inaugurate no new and untried policies, still there would be that in the very atmosphere in which such a body of men move which will influence beneficially the action of the legislature."

A Disaster Without Parallel.

On the day after the railroad disaster in Scotland, the following account was sent by cable to the New York *Telegram:* The appalling railroad tragedy near Dundee, in Scotland, by which about 100 persons lost their lives in the Frith of Tay, has sent a thrill of horror through the British Isles. Six bodies have been recovered so far, and in all probability many days will elapse before divers can bring to the surface the railroad carriages in which the other victims are entombed. Thousands of people are anxiously awaiting news in Dundee and Edinburg. The scene at the broken bridge this morning is a most pathetic one, wives, brothers, husbands and lovers all broken-hearted and despairing. No sadder spectacle could be witnessed in God's world. A large number of steamers and small craft are around the spot where the catastrophe occurred. The tidings of the disaster were first conveyed by a gentleman who had left his home with a friend while the southwest gale was blowing with all its fury. They began discussing whether, on such a night, the Edinburg train would venture across the bridge, which was the largest structure of the kind in the world, being nearly two miles long. They then went to the block telegraph signal box, situated at the north end of the bridge, where they found a number of men, also anxiously awaiting information on the subject.

Some of them asserted that they had seen the lights of the train in question enter on the bridge and cross the lower spans into the high girders; then they saw a sudden shower of fire, which, with the lights of the train, seemed to descend with great velocity into the river; then perfect darkness followed. Minutes and minutes passed, but no signs of the train were seen, and the people asked themselves were these really the lights of the Edinburg train they had seen so suddenly quenched. The horror-stricken beholders made frantic appeals to the signal man to ascertain the truth. He replied that all he knew or the matter was that the train had been signaled to him from the south end of the bridge at nine minutes past seven o'clock. Discovering no indications of the approach of the train, the alarmed signal man endeavored to telegraph to the south end of the bridge, but between fourteen and seventeen minutes communication ceased. The news was conveyed to Princes Street, master of the Tay bridge station, and it spread like wildfire. Crowds from Dundee and the adjoining neighborhood thronged the north end of the bridge.

In order to ascertain the real state of affairs two men volunteered to venture out on the bridge to make a personal investigation. They were James Roberts, locomotive superintendent of the North British railway, and James Smith, in charge of the Tay bridge station. As they advanced upon the bridge the gale seemed to increase in fury, and almost swept them off their feet. They persevered, however, and made their way forward slowly and with difficulty, clinging at times to the rails to prevent themselves from being carried away by the fierce storm and flung into the boiling waves of the Frith, ninety feet beneath. At length, after infinite toil, their hands lacerated and bleeding, they reached the brink of the awful abyss. The magnitude of the calamity was then revealed to their horror stricken eyes. Roberts, although stunned and dazed for the moment, determined to push his investigations still further. He crawled on hands and knees over the high girders begin, and found that the whole thirteen girders had disappeared. Each girder was 245 feet in width and weighed 250 tons. They formed a sort of tunnel in the middle of the bridge. The waves roared beneath around the bare iron piers, and one-third of the whole structure had vanished, leaving as melancholy monuments thirteen stumps of brickwork in the Frith. Not a soul on board the train has escaped to tell the story of that awful plunge.

The Bridge Described.

The bridge was building nearly five years, and at times as many as 2,000 persons were employed in the work. Its construction consumed 3,500 tons of iron work, 2,600 tons of cast iron work, 35,000 cubic yards of brick work, and 87,840 cubic feet of timber. The contractors estimated the cost at about $10,000,000. The builders found the bottom composed of rock in some places, of a hard material resting on silt in other places, and of sand covered with shingle and great boulders along the remainder of the route across the stream. The stream is about twenty feet deep in the channel. Storms hindered the work. Northerly and southwesterly winds sweep with terrific force down the river Tay. Sometimes the gales are steady and strong tides the sea is often very heavy. Once a gale blew for three weeks, and all work was suspended until the storm ceased. It was on account of these disadvantages that so much of the work was done on shore. There the great piers were built, and from there they were floated out into the stream and lowered in position by great hydraulic rams. These piers were formed of immense double cylinders of iron, which were let down upon the river bottom. Workmen inside of them excavated the ground beneath and imbedded them in their places. Then they were filled with broken stone and liquid concrete, and the columns of the bridge were built upon them. Near the shore a huge brick wall connected these piers. The brick work of the piers was held together with cement, and this and the concrete became so strong that when two piers, that capsized in the early part of the work, were dragged ashore, they could be broken up only by blasting. The girders connecting the columns were put together on shore and floated out to their places in the bridge. These girders are of heavy wrought iron, braced with angle iron. The roadway is carried by pairs of sleepers, two nine inches, placed three feet apart. Where the roadway rests below the girders it is carried by iron cross girders five feet apart, the rails being laid upon fourteen-inch longitudinal sleepers. There are double cylindrical columns under most of the spans, but on the Dundee end of the bridge, at the curve, the sixty six-foot spans are upheld by three cast iron piles, two of which are vertical, while the third is a "raker," with a batter of one foot is three, and is placed outside the curve. When it was built it was the longest iron bridge in the world. Throughout the kingdom many expressions of doubt as to the wisdom of building such a long and slender bridge found their way into the newspapers, and were noticed in the parliamentary debates of the time.

The Tay rises in a small loch on the border of Argyleshire, and is called the Fillan until it passes through Loch Dochart, and thence to Loch Tay, nineteen miles from its mouth, it is known as the Dochart. It receives the River Lochie and the River Lyon, and many lesser streams. It is 120 miles long, and describes almost a semicircle in its course.

Incentives to matrimony—"You ought to marry?" "Never." "I know the very girl." "Let me alone." "She is young." "Then she is sly." "Beautiful." "The more dangerous." "Of good family." "Then she is proud." "Tender hearted." "Then she is jealous." "She has talent." "Then she is conceited." "And a fortune." "I will take her."

An Open Letter.

WEST WINFIELD, Herkimer Co., N. Y. } October 23, 1879.

L. CANDEE & CO., New Haven, Ct.

Gentlemen: Out of the case of "95" Rubber Boots sent me last April,

I sold one pair April 4, to Alvin Bliss,
" " " 5, to Geo. Reusch,
" " " 7, to Gill W. Randall,
" " " 8, to Albert Mallory,
" " " 11, to Milo H. Brown.

These boots had constant wear through April and May, and since that time they have been worn every morning through the door to get the cows and do their milking in, and I have seen four pair of them, and they are apparent by as good as when I sold them. Milk whey and dew on a rubber boot, or any other boot, for six months, are as good tests as can be had. The pair of "95" boots sent me March 17, I put on a farmer who is one of my hardest customers. They have not cracked at all, but the one marked S. C. on front of leg, has worn through the first layer of the sole. Yours in haste,

M. M. JOSLYN.

There is no time to be lost when a cough attacks one, in adopting means of prevention against consumption and bronchitis. A cough may, with perfect truth be termed the incipient stage of those destructive maladies, and is the height of folly to disregard it. If neglected, it will assuredly culminate in some dangerous pulmonary affection, but if Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, &c. *A sure cure guaranteed or no pay.* Price, 25 cents and $1 per bottle.

Judge for Yourself.

By sending thirty-five cents, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail, from which you can learn whether your liver is out of order, and if out of order, or in any way diseased, what is the best thing in the world to take for it.

Judge for Yourself.

By sending thirty-five cents, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct photograph of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. Fox, P. O. Drawer 31, Fultonville, N. Y.

Wanted.

Sherman & Co., Marshall, Mich., want an agent in this county at once, at a salary of $100 per month and expenses paid. For full particulars address as above.

Everyone who thinks of buying an organ should read a circular headed "Useful Information for Purchasers of Parlor or Cabinet Organs." A postal card addressed to the Mason & Hamlin Organ Co., will bring one free.

NEGLECTED COUGHS AND COLDS.—Few are aware of the importance of checking a cough or "common cold," in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to "Brown's Bronchial Troches," if neglected often works upon the lungs.

If you wish to save one pair of boots every year get Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffener applied to them while they are new.

Young men go west. Learn telegraphy. Address R. Valentine, Manager, Janesville, Wis.

Ubew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sumas, 149 Powers Block Rochester, N. Y.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK

Beef Cattle—Med. Natives, live wt..	03	@	03¼
Cows—State Milk	01½	@	02
Sheep	04½	@	05
Lambs	06¾	@	07¼
Hogs—Live	04½	@	04½
Dressed	06¼	@	06½
Flour—Ex. State, good to fancy	6 15	@	7 75
Western, good to fancy	6 30	@	8 00
Wheat—No. 1 Red	1 38	@	1 38½
White State	1 37	@	1 40
Rye—State	96	@	98
Barley—Two-Rowed State	73	@	76
Corn—Unraded Western Mixed	60	@	63
Southern Yellow	64	@	65½
Oats—White State	51½	@	53
Mixed Western	50	@	51½
Hay—Retail grades	90	@	95
Straw—Long rye, per cwt	85	@	90
Hops—State, 1879	30	@	40
Pork—Mess	12 70	@	13 00
Lard—Steam	7.75	@	7.75
Petroleum—Crude	07½	@	Refined 08¾
Butter—State Creamery	36	@	40
Western Creamery	27	@	36
Factory	15	@	23
D